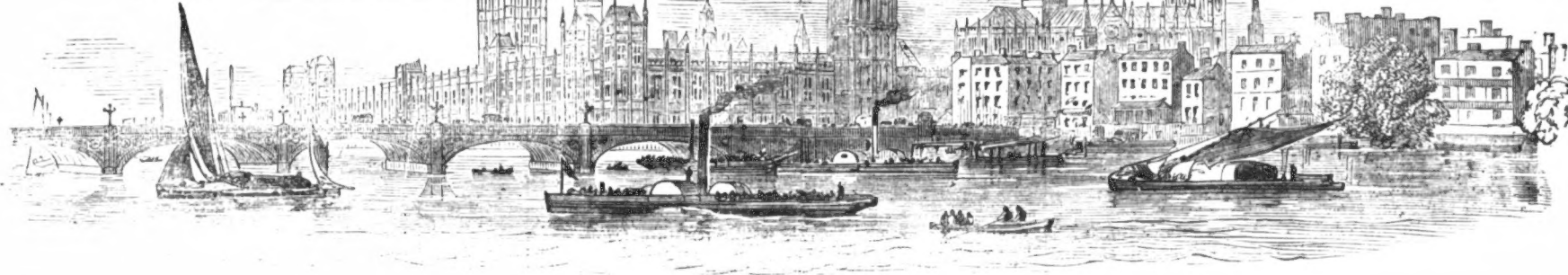


# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 17.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP AND MANAGEMENT. LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867. ONE PENNY.

## THE FENIANS.

On Friday last, at the sitting of the Special Commission, in Dublin, Edward O'Regan, who pleaded guilty of treason-felony, was brought up for sentence, and received two years' imprisonment. Constable Kelly, charged with complicity in the escape of Kirwan from the Meath Hospital, was liberated on bail.

There being no other cases for trial, the Chief Justice said:—"The labours of this protracted commission have now been brought to a close. We have been engaged here since the 8th of April, and during almost the whole period we have been occupied in trying cases of, I may say, a treasonable character. They have exhibited a sameness in one respect, that they all sprang from one cause—the attempt to establish a republic. That attempt was as insane as it was criminal. The folly, impossibility, wickedness, and guilt of the confederacy have been completely and fully disclosed; the law prevailed, and justice has overtaken the leaders and dupes. I have to express the hope already expressed by my learned brethren, that the crushing exposure which has been made of the hollowness and rottenness of the Fenian conspiracy may induce the people, not only of this city, but of the entire kingdom, to abandon that con-

spiracy for ever, and to live in dutiful allegiance to the Queen, and in peace and security with all their fellow-subjects."

The other judges concurred in the remarks of his lordship, and the commission was then adjourned to the 20th June.

On Friday, the Cork Commission Court was crowded by persons anxious to hear the speeches of the four men found guilty of high treason. Captain M'Clure, Edward Kelly, David Joyce, and Thomas Cullinane, having been placed in the dock, they were asked what they had to say why sentence of death should not be passed on them. Captain M'Clure rose from his seat, and in a clear, firm voice, said:—"My lords, in answer to the question as to why the sentence of the Court should not be passed on me, I would now desire to make a few remarks in reference to my late exertions on behalf of the suffering people of this country, in aiding them in their earnest endeavours to attain the independence of their native land. Though not born on the soil of Ireland, my parents were, and from history and the traditions of the fireside I became conversant with this country's miseries from my earliest childhood. I am fully satisfied with the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement, having been actuated alone by a holy desire to assist in the emancipation of an

enslaved, but generous people. It affords me more pleasure to have acted as I have done in behalf of the Irish people, than any event that has occurred to me during my eventful though brief existence. I would wish it to be distinctly understood—and I say it here, standing on the brink of an early grave—that I am no filibuster, no freebooter. I came to this country with no personal object to gain—with no desire to my own advancement. I came here solely out of love of Ireland and sympathy for her people. If I have forfeited my life for having done so, I am ready to abide the issue."

Edward Kelly next spoke. He said:—"My lords, the novelty of my situation will plead for my want of fluent utterance, and I, therefore, pray your indulgence if I am necessarily tedious. I thank the gentlemen of the jury for their kind recommendation to mercy, which I know is well meant, but also knowing, as I do, what that mercy will be, I can only wish that their recommendation will not be acceded to. Why should I fear death? What is death? The state of passing from this life into another. I leave the dread of death to such despicable wretches as Corydon and Massey. If there be anything that can add to Corydon's degradation—

Chief Justice: We are willing to give you every latitude, but we



THE CEREMONY OF THE DOSSEH, AT CAIRO (FROM A PICTURE IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION. See Page 259.)



cannot sit here and allow you to speak of these parties who have been examined as witnesses.

Prisoner: Well, as near then, as I can answer the question put to me, I shall say that, remembering that every generation since England obtained a footing in Ireland has suffered in her rule—remembering that every generation has risen to protest against the occupation of our native soil by England—surely I may say that is an answer to the question why sentence should not be passed on me. In the part I have taken in the late insurrection I believe I was only discharging my duty. (The prisoner here paused for a few moments.) He then resumed—My lords, I have no more to say, except to quote the words of the Psalmist, premising that you will understand me to speak of my country as he speaks of his—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, raze it, raze it even to the foundation thereof. O, daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.”

David Joyce, on being called on, said what he had to say he could not speak in English.

Bowler, *alias* Cullinane: I have nothing to say my lords.

Chief Justice Monahan then passed sentence of death, fixing the 19th of June as the day of execution.

The sudden change in McClure's mind, which caused him to withdraw his plea of not guilty and plead guilty, is accounted for in this way:—His father, who is now in Cork, applied to the American Minister in London to make an appeal to the Secretary of State on behalf of his son, and in answer to this he received a letter stating that if the prisoner pleaded guilty efforts would be made to have his life spared, but if a verdict of guilty was returned against him the American Government could not interfere at all.

In the House of Commons on Monday, The O'Donoghue having inquired whether the Government had recommended that the clemency of the Crown should be extended to the political prisoners now under sentence of death in Ireland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that when the Government arrived at the conclusion that it was not their duty to interfere with the operation of the law in the case of Burke, convicted of high treason, they did so with feelings of pain that he would not attempt to describe. Within the last few days, not only in this country but in Ireland, as they had heard from the Lord-Lieutenant, there had been such strong evidence of a divided public feeling upon this subject, that they have become convinced, after deep and further consideration, that the deterring effect which they wished to produce could not be secured in a state of feeling so divided. He was, therefore, empowered to announce that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to express her will, under advice, that the capital punishment incurred by Burke should be remitted. (Loud and general cheering.) He would only express his fervent hope that this act of most gracious clemency on the part of her Majesty was one that she would never repent, and that the exercise of the prerogative on this occasion would be looked back to by her Majesty's subjects with perfect satisfaction. This announcement was received with renewed and prolonged cheering.

## London by Night.

### “THE FRENCH NOBLEMAN.”

TOLD BY A POSTMAN.

It was a bitter cold day in the wintry and inclement month of March. Cold rain had been falling all the morning. As the afternoon progressed, the wind swept round from the south-west to the east, and, as the Siberian blast careered in bitter violence over the house-tops, the moisture in the streets began to freeze, and the pavement became as slippery as glass.

I was commencing the fourth delivery that day, and such was the force of the wind that I could with difficulty get along. Locomotion was not rendered more easy by the ice under my feet, and I was glad to perceive that correspondents had been charitable enough not to overburden my bag with letters.

I stopped at numbers one and three, South Luton-street, a small and but little known thoroughfare in Marylebone; and my next stoppage was at number seven.

This was a lodging-house: I could always tell a lodging-house by the letters being directed to so many different people, and the particular letter I had to deliver there was addressed to Mrs. Squeers, the landlady.

Mrs. Squeers was a party for whom I had no great regard, owing to her aversion to the system of giving Christmas-boxes—though I believe she objected for the purpose of saving her pocket, rather than on principle.

For some days past a handsome gentleman, whom I believed to be a foreigner, had accosted me in the passage whenever I knocked, wishing to be informed if I had any letters for him.

When I responded in the negative his countenance fell, and he appeared immensely dejected. He spoke excellent English, with a slight foreign accent. I put him down as a Frenchman.

Mrs. Squeers' house was one of those which are provided with no letter-box, consequently I had to wait in the cold until the tardy inmates came to open the door.

My “rat-tat” resounded through the frosty air, and the door was opened by the foreigner, who inquired as usual, saying, “Have you a letter for me?”

“None to-night, sir,” I replied—“one for Mrs. Squeers.”

“Are you sure?” he continued. “Will you look again?”

“No use, sir,” I said, stepping inside, and running over the bundle of letters.

“My name is De Chartres—Count André de Chartres.”

“Yes, I remember your name, sir, but can't find anything for you.”

As I turned away I heard him mutter, “More misery! When will it come?”

The expression of blank despair which took possession of his eloquent countenance was such that I pitied him.

A week passed before I saw the count again, and during that time he must have had much trouble to contend with, for his face wore a peculiar shade—a gaunt, morose mark such as famine sets upon its victims. Could it be that he was in want of money, or—more terrible still—in positive want of food?

Again I had no letter for the French nobleman. It was Mrs. Squeers who asked me this time. He, I think, was worn out with anxiety and hope deferred, or he had not the spirit to sustain repeated and continuous disappointment.

“Another for me, postman?” exclaimed Mrs. Squeers.

“Yes, ma'am; and here's one for the parlours.”

“None for the gentleman with the French name—count, he calls himself?” she said.

“Nothing in the shape of ink and paper, ma'am.”

“Very strange. By the way, postman, didn't your wife come last year and do a day's odd work for Mrs. Squeers, round the corner?”

“She did,” I replied.

“And is she very busy now?”

“Not over and above busy.”

“Oh! if she can make it convenient to come to-morrow, I can employ her. There are two or three little odd jobs about I want cleared off out of hand.”

“Thank you kindly, ma'am,” I said; “I'm sure she'll come if she possibly can, and many thanks to Mrs. Squeers for her recommendation.”

When I went home at dinner time, I told my wife I had some news for her, and she was pleased at the chance, for, having no family to attend to, it was long-since like for her to be alone, and she was glad at being able to go out at times.

Instead of a day's work, she got at least a week's. Some people in the house found that they had some things that wanted making up; and altogether she was well treated; though she could not quite approve of the strength of the tea; nor was the beer given out in the liberal manner to which she had been accustomed.

Having a heavy delivery, I was unable to knock off work until half ten o'clock, on the first day my wife went to No. 7, South Luton-street.

When I reached home I found a hot supper awaiting my arrival, which, with a pint of beer, prepared me for my pipe.

As I was sitting in my arm-chair near the fire, watching my wife clear away, and wondering whether women were mysteriously prepared by nature to wash up, she made a remark which made me think of the French nobleman.

“Mrs. Squeers is a strange woman, and there are strange people at her house,” she said.

“The count, for instance,” I observed, wishing to draw her out gradually on the subject of the French nobleman.

“He's starved,” she replied, laconically. “They are both of them starved.”

“But he! Is there more than one?”

“He lives with his mother, a fine old lady—looks like a queen, only she is so emaciated. I never saw a worse case. They're expecting money from France, and haven't got enough to keep body and soul together till it comes. They are somebody, for two carriages stopped at the door to-day, and brought people to see them. It's a bad case—I never saw a worse.”

“I hope I'll have a golden letter for them to-morrow,” I remarked, having learnt something by my wife's volubility.

“It would be a charity to put a sovereign in a letter and direct it to them,” said my wife.

I fully acquiesced in this proposition; but having no sovereign with which to play, declined to entertain the suggestion practically.

It so happened that the very next day I had half-a-dozen letters for the Count André de Chartres. His face lightened up when I saw the bundle, and he ran upstairs with them to his mother, without waiting to thank me.

I must confess that I felt no slight amount of curiosity to know what the contents of the letters might be. This could only be gratified on my wife's return in the evening.

As I came in she was going out with something under her arm.

“Where are you going to this time of night?” I demanded, in surprise.

“Up to South Luton-street, George. I know you won't mind. Your supper is all right. You will find it in the oven.”

“South Luton-street?” I repeated.

“Yes.”

“Haven't you just left there?”

“Not long ago.”

“Well, what do you want to go back for, that's what I want to know?” I replied, in perplexity.

“If I must tell you, George,” she said—and here her eyes dimmed with tears—“I've got a bit of food wrapped up in my apron for those poor French people. They are that starved, I can't bear to touch a bit of anything myself while I know they're famished.”

Without another word I went to the oven, and took out the dish she had spoken of as containing my supper, and giving it her, said—

“Take that too, Betsy.”

“But you—”

“Never mind me; do as I tell you. A bit of bread will be like venison to me.”

She wrapped it up with the other, and she was crying, though she turned away her head so that I should not see it.

“It does you credit, my dear,” I said. “But how about the letters?”

“Oh! they all turned out disappointments,” answered my wife. “I was listening on the stairs, I own I couldn't help it.”

I sat down and smoked my pipe. It was very sad to think that the long-expected letters, when they did come, contained nothing but excuses and evasions.

I got into a dreary sort of state over the fire, and thought I could see two coffins in the coals as plainly as if I had been in an undertaker's shop. It was a relief when my wife returned, for I was becoming quite dismal. She held something in her hand which she showed me, saying—

“What do you think of that?”

It was an antique gold mourning ring, with the initials A. D. C. engraved on the inside. The hoop was of solid gold, and for pawing purposes was worth, perhaps, from ten to fifteen shillings.

“Where did you get that?” I asked.

“I didn't find it.”

“No, I suppose not.”

“I was obliged to take it from the countess,” said my wife, gravely. “They were very thankful for the food, but would insist upon my accepting something in payment for it. My holding out was no good; for it's my firm belief that they wouldn't have touched a bit, but rather thrown it out of the window, if I hadn't fell in with their ways and humoured them.”

“What did you tell them?” I asked.

“Only that I would keep the ring for them, though they could have it at any time if they wanted it—at which arrangement they seemed perfectly satisfied.”

“It's my opinion there'll be a tragedy in that house,” I observed.

“Why do you say so?”

“Because things look as if they were drifting that way.”

“All nonsense. They'll have better luck soon, and be happy again.”

“I don't think it, though I wish it. I saw coffins in the fire, Betsy, and my mind's been running on the babes in the wood and

the robin carrying them with leaves, where there wasn't even the earth to bury them.”

My wife, being of a sanguine disposition was unable to take this view of the question, and predicted a happier future for the young count and his silver-haired mother.

Nevertheless, many a sixpence did that woman spend privately in buying such things as chops and half-pounds of steak, leaving them on the count's table promiscuously, as if they had dropped down from the skies, or been placed there by Mrs. Squeers as a present.

The count smiled whenever he met my wife, always addressing her as “dear friend;” and his mother used to say that God would bless her.

The next day I was at the top of South Luton-street, when a man I did not know stopped me, saying, “Postman!”

“Now then,” I replied sharply: for being in a hurry, I did not care about being interrupted and hindered.

“Do you know the name of the Count André de Chartres about here?”

“Yes, I do. What may your business be with the young man?”

“Oh! young man is he? I'm a detective, and commissioned to make some inquiries about him. Where does he live?”

“Lodges at Mrs. Squeers', number seven down the street—left-hand side—black door—knock and ring—no letter box.”

“Thank you. By the way, do you know anything of him?”

I had at the detective for some time, fearing that his purpose was hostile. What had the young man done? Was he a refugee plotting against the Emperor of France? Was he other than he seemed to be? Had he broken the law? Was he—but no, I would not indulge these speculations injurious to his character. I had too much faith in him.

“You've made me a bit curious,” I said. “Tell me what you want him for, and I'll let you know all that has come to my knowledge.”

“It's a slight matter,” he replied.

“Nothing else—that is to say, nothing—I mean, police—”

“No, no; nothing of that sort!” he exclaimed.

I breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief.

“The truth is, he has been writing to the French ambassador here, and they think at the embassy that he is not quite right in his head. If it is a deserving case, and one which will justify relief, I am to give him a sovereign.”

“A most excellent case, I said, eagerly; “the count is a fine fellow, and his only fault is being wretchedly poor. Do all you can for them, by all means, and interest the ambassador in his affairs.”

“Why, you speak quite enthusiastically about this young Frenchman,” said the detective, eyeing me suspiciously.

“So would you,” I rejoined, “if you had watched his sufferings day by day as I have. No money—disappointment on disappointment—breakfastless, dinnerless, supperless—hunted to death for money. If that isn't enough—”

“You make out a strong case, certainly. Well, I'll see him, and judge for yourself. Good morning, and once more, thank you!”

As I went on, I could not help saying gleefully to myself—“There, M. André de Chartres, I've put a spoke in your wheel for you which will make the family coach run over the stones gaily.”

The result of the detective's visit was not so satisfactory, however, as I anticipated.

It appeared that the count had written what may be really designated a begging-letter to his ambassador in this country, stating that his affairs were in the hands of a lawyer in Paris, who was acting dishonestly, and that he, with his mother, was reduced to the verge of starvation and the brink of the grave.

The detective gave him the sovereign, and made a favourable report to the ambassador's secretary, who, with that red-tapism which characterises all official actions, did nothing more to relieve the count until he had written to Paris to receive a confirmation of his statement respecting the roguish lawyer.

It was the old story of starving the steed while the grass is growing.

The detective had not been gone two minutes, before the landlady entered the room, and said she must have some rent.

Very quietly and gently the count laid the sovereign he had just received upon the table, telling her that as it was more hers than his, she was welcome to it.

All this I heard from my wife.

Three or four days afterwards—it is so very long ago that I can't be very precise as to time—I was in the Edgeware road delivering my letters, when I saw the Count André de Chartres. He was walking quickly. I followed him until he entered a shop.

Feeling inquisitive as to his business, I watched through the window-frames—all the while pretending to look over my letters.

And this is what I saw:

The young man spoke to the shopman behind the counter, who produced a coil of rope. The count took it in his hand and tested its strength. It was what is called stout cord. Apparently satisfied with its capacity for bearing an average amount of weight, he purchased about a dozen yards, for which he paid with a two-shilling piece.

“So,” I said to myself, “our little count is in luck at last. But what in the world does he want the rope for? I should think he had much more need of a leg of mutton, or a pound of tea.”

While I was puzzling my brains, without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty, the count emerged from the shop, holding the cord in his hand. When he saw me he hastily placed it in his pocket, as if anxious to hide it from my gaze, which was more impertinent than it should have been.

“Morning, count,” I exclaimed. “Glad to see you about a bit. Been buying something?”

“Yes,” he replied “a mere trifle. Something for domestic use.”

“Oh, indeed?”—I observed, not being before aware that stout cord was an ordinary article of domestic use.

“Any letters for me?” he asked, with his usual anxiety.

I looked over my packet, scarcely thinking there was one; but it so happened that I did find a foreign-looking epistle directed to him.

“Yes; here you are. Count André de Chartres. Take hold, sir,” I exclaimed.

I had no need to tell him to do that; he snatched it out of my hand with the utmost eagerness, tore it open with rapidity, devouring its contents in an avid manner.

I could tell, by the different change his face underwent, that the letter contained bad news.

When he had finished its perusal he pressed his hand to his forehead and walked quickly away. In his negligence or his hurry he dropped the letter, which I picked up. Though I shouted after him he took no notice of me, and did not return, consequently I put the letter in my pocket, thinking I could leave it at Mrs.



Squeers' house on my return journey, when I should pass through the street.

It may have been very wrong and unpardonable of me, but when I got an opportunity I took that letter out of my pocket and read it through from the beginning to the end.

Certainly it was not couched in a style calculated to raise the spirits of the person to whom it was addressed; and when I had made myself master of its contents, I did not in the least wonder at the effect it had upon the French nobleman.

It was from an attorney in Paris, called Jules Sevigne, evidently the wolf in sheep's clothing who was working the ruin of an exiled client.

M. Jules Sevigne wrote:—

"My Dear Count,—I am in receipt of your numerous letters, to which I have not before replied, owing to the fact that I was unable to answer some of your queries.

"Let us begin with the suit at present in litigation between your uncle and yourself.

Matters look very black, and I fear the final decision of the courts will be against you. I do not say this to discourage you, but simply because it is my duty, as your legal adviser, to lay the state of the case and its probable result fairly and truthfully before you.

"With regard to money, I really do not see how, in justice to myself, I can do anything but disappoint you. I advanced you several sums on account of the property you have gone to law about, but those sums I am content to look upon as lost to me, as well as my bill of costs. You cannot, however, expect me to throw good money after bad. I have a family to think of and growing-up children, who add materially to my expenditure. Therefore, you must not overwhelm me with reproaches for non-compliance with your request. I am willing to oblige you, but I have not the power.

"I have made repeated inquiries about Mademoiselle Rose de Maupas, but can unfortunately gain no tidings respecting her. She is said to have quitted her father's house, and to have gone no one knows whither. Stories of a romantic attachment and an elopement are current, though I myself am not inclined to attach any credence to them. Then there is the hypothesis of suicide, which I consider infinitely more probable.

"In conclusion, I must beg that you will not trouble me with any more letters. If I hear any intelligence to communicate respecting your law suit, you may rely upon my doing so without delay.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your most humble, obedient Servant,

"JULES SEVIGNE.

"P.S.—It has more than once suggested itself to me that you might gain an excellent livelihood, if your pride does not militate against the idea, by teaching your native language to such of the foreigners amongst whom you reside, who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of French, and I am that such a desire is perceptibly on the increase among the English.

"J. D."

"An agreeable letter, certainly," I remarked—"more especially agreeable when, as I have no doubt, the poor fellow expected a remittance, together with news of his sweetheart. Where some men put their consciences is more than I can imagine. Their natures must be as hard as adamant. Iron and steel are a fool to them for hardness."

Imagining that the sight of the letter might only be productive of more misery to the unfortunate count, I omitted to leave it at Mrs. Squeers', but took it home to my wife, who shared my indignation respecting it.

"He seems very down-to-day," said my wife, who had been there at work as usual.

"He does, eh? Well, we can't wonder at it."

"His mother appears to me so weak from want of food, as to be light-headed and rambling," continued my wife.

"Don't she eat?"

"How can she, when they haven't a scrap of food in the place? When I give them anything they place it outside the door again, now."

"Declined with thanks," I hazarded.

"That's about it, George. I fancy they've given up all hope, and want to be starved to death."

"Ah, she's got something to answer for."

"And will have more, or I am no prophet."

"Have you spoken to them to-day?"

"Once only: I saw the mother, and wished her good morning, when she started, oh, so wildly, at me, and nodding her head, replied, 'Yes, you're right, my dear, it won't be long before it is all over.'"

I shook my head gravely, for I did not like the intelligence at all. The next day my wife informed me that Mrs. Squeers had told the French nobleman that she could positively wait for rent no longer.

The count received this harsh decree with equanimity, contenting himself with asking for how long Mrs. Squeers would give him credit.

She fixed ten o'clock the next morning.

It was about half-past eight when my wife came home and told me this, and though I had been on my legs all day, I felt unaccountably restless. Unable to conquer my wish to take a walk, I put on my hat and went out.

It was a stormy, boisterous night, and the wind whistled and howled round corners, and up streets, in a way to charm rude Boreas.

Thick clouds were driven rapidly along overhead, heavily charged with rain, which threatened to fall every instant.

Whenever the wind lulled big drops fell upon the pavement, but when the breeze once more freshened, they were caught up and dashed into misty spray.

Few people were about; a salutary dread of falling tiles and rickety chimney-pots kept them at home; for the barren luxury of a walk on a windy night is a poor consolation for a broken head.

By some strange species of odic force I was irresistibly drawn towards the house in South Luton-street, occupied by Mrs. Squeers, and in which lived the French nobleman.

I ought to have mentioned that he lodged in the parlours.

On the night in question the blind was drawn down in the sitting-room, shutting out the vulgar gaze from the one window of which the apartment could boast.

Shutters there were none: those conventional appendages to a room were not encouraged by the liberality of Mrs. Squeers.

As I passed by, I distinctly saw a dark shadow in front of the blind. Its stature was apparently gigantic, for if it were a man, as I supposed it to be, its height was, at the lowest computation, eight or nine feet.

What could it mean?

I was utterly at a loss to understand this phenomenon. While debating the subject in my mind, I saw a second shadow some distance to the left of the first.

Both were motionless, but in a short time, while I stood fascinated and expectant, they began to move—I may more correctly say, dangled convulsively.

Then a ray of sudden intelligence shot across my mind. I hesitated no longer, but rushed to the door and knocked frantically.

It was some time before the door was opened.

She thought, by the noise of the summons, that she was being favoured with a vexatious runaway knock with which sundry boys in the neighbourhood were in the habit of rousing her up at inconvenient moments.

I was compelled to have recourse to my professional rat-tat, which brought her into the area.

"It won't do," she said, looking up, "I've been had so often by you boys that I can smell a rat, and a rat-tat too, for the matter of that."

"It's me—the postman, Mrs. Squeers," I said, eagerly.

"What do you want coming at such an hour?" she replied. "The six delivery's done with."

"Let me in, m'am," I said; "there's something wrong going on in your front parlour."

"It's been all wrong ever since they came."

"But it's worse than ever."

"What now?"

"Let me in, and you'll know."

"I don't budge till you tell me—I've been fooled too often."

Driven half mad by the obstinacy and obtuseness of the woman, I almost lost the power of speech, and commenced knocking more violently than ever.

"Drat the man!" I heard her say, "is he crazy? He'll rouse all the street, and I shall have the neighbourhood round the house like a swarm of bees."

She slammed to the door leading into the area, and hastened upstairs, but even then she would only open the door on the chain.

"What is it? You must speak," she said.

"It's suicide!" I answered.

I believe I was ghastly pale, for when she admitted me she started back, saying—

"You look like a ghost."

"Enough to make me," I replied. "Stand on one side, and let me pass—every instant is precious."

Dashing past her, I made no ceremony of entering the parlour, where I witnessed just the very spectacle I had expected to see.

A hideous sight it was, and one which made my blood curdle in my veins.

I must premise that the window was surmounted by a long, stout pole, from which were pendant some common damask curtains.

Attached to the pole, each equidistant from the centre, were two pieces of the identical rope I had seen the Count André de Chartres purchase in the Edgeware-road.

There was a noose at the end of each piece of rope, and in the nooses were the necks of two human beings. They were the count and his long-suffering mother.

A couple of chairs, kicked over at the last moment, lay upon the floor, and plainly told the story of the terrible determination to which the poverty-stricken exiles had come.

They had each been their own executioner.

Mrs. Squeers had followed me furiously into the room, and uttered a shrill cry when she saw what had happened.

"Oh!" she said, "to think of such a thing happening in my house! And now there'll be a coroner's inquest, and it'll all be in the papers."

Her lachrymose lament was cut short by a severe hysterical fit, and she thrust herself on the sofa—that being preferable to the floor, as less hard and more comfortable, being free from draught—and sobbed and cried like a young lady disappointed over her first love.

It must not be supposed that I, during this time, was idle. Having a clasp-knife in my pocket, I produced it without the least loss of time, and mounting a chair, cut down the bodies, in which I hoped most ardently the precious spark of life was not yet extinguished.

The minutes that followed were full of anxiety.

After the bodies—more than half asphyxiated—fell upon the ground, I had recourse to all the little arts and contrivances for restoring life with which I was acquainted.

It was at once apparent to the most limited comprehension that the case of the old lady was hopeless.

She lay immovable upon her back. Her features were contorted, her countenance black, and heavily charged with stagnated blood.

In her the flame of vitality had for some time past burned with such feeble dimness, that it required but very little to put it out.

As the son was younger and more robust, I had some hopes of restoring him to consciousness and his friends.

His friends!

Alas! what a mockery of the word. Living in a world peopled by millions, he yet appeared to have no friends save his mother whom he had lost. Pity him, pity him! His fate was a hard one, and I feared that he would not thank me if I achieved his restoration to life and—wretchedness more poignant than that he had just endured.

A surgeon was brought, and he made a hasty examination of the bodies.

The mother he unhesitatingly declared to be quite dead, but he had some hopes of saving the young man.

Feeling faint, I left the room for a while to breathe the fresh air. A vertigo threatened to take possession of my brain, for the scene I had just gone through was very shocking and awful. The cold night breeze fanned my heated cheeks, and revived me.

A cab drove to the door, and the rough voice of the cabman assailed my ears, saying, "Is this number seven?"

"South Luton street?"

"That's right."

"Yes; who do you want?"

"That's more than I know—lady inside will tell you that," replied the driver.

Dismounting from his box, the man opened the door, and assisted a young and beautiful lady to alight. She was attired in a travelling dress, and seemed to have just come off a journey, having left her boxes and other travelling paraphernalia at an hotel.

She spoke English imperfectly, which, together with her appearance, led me to believe she was not a native of my own country.

"Who do you want, miss?" I asked, stepping forward.

Having paid the cabman, she was looking bewildered about her, and my question was evidently a relief.

"The Count André de Chartres," she replied, in a delicate feminine voice, "Is he not live here?"

"He does live here; but—"

I hesitated, thinking it was not exactly proper to introduce her at so inopportune a moment. What if she should be the sweetheart

to whom he was so devotedly attached? Would not the shock, in all likelihood, paralyse her brain for ever?

"Tell me what this is," she said.

"He is out at present."

"I will wait here."

"He will not be home until late," I said, much perplexed.

"You are a friend of his?" she inquired.

I replied in the affirmative.

"And madame his mother—that is the countess?"

"Oh, she has gone with him."

"Some amusement? Ah! I perceive."

I think she had made up her mind to go back to her hotel and return in the morning at a more propitious moment, when something occurred which altered her determination.

South Luton-street is one of those quiet, retired streets, through which there is very little traffic; consequently everything which occurs in it may be heard with distinctness.

The doctor, in order to obtain a free current of air, had opened the window of the parlour; and it so happened that, at the very moment when the young lady seemed inclined to go away, the pungent restoratives administered to the count partially revived him.

I was told afterwards that he suddenly breathed heavily, threw up his arms, and uttered some French name.

The action I of course did not observe, as I was standing at the street door; but the name I heard very plainly.

It was Rose de Maupas.

"Oh!" and the young lady stood transfixed as if with the barb of an arrow. "He calls me. You have spoken falsely to me—his André. Let me fly to him. André—André—I come—I come!"

She darted by me, in spite of strenuous efforts on my part to stop her; and being conscious that I had done my best to prevent any catastrophe, I followed quickly on her heels.

Naturally gifted with a quick perception, she comprehended everything in a moment, and took in the whole scene at a glance.

Falling on her knees by the prostrate body of André de Chartres, she said something in French in a most plaintive voice, and while chafing one of his hands in hers, covered his poor pale face with kisses.

There was a blue mark round his neck where the rope had begun to cut into his neck, and I saw her shudder as she caught sight of it.

His eyes were bloodshot, too, and his lips livid, and the rope hung loosely over his shoulders, no one having had time to remove it.

Her kisses, rained thickly and fastly upon him, did him more good than all the doctor's specifics. They had magic in them, for he became revived to such an extent as to be able to sit up; and when he did, and when he recognized his fair physician, I thought the sudden rush of overwhelming joy would have been the death of him.

"You, darling!—you Rose—my own loved, precious Rose!" he said.

Joy danced and swam in his eyes, his head fell back, and he was once more insensible.

In a short time Count André began to recover in earnest. His delight at seeing Miss Maupas was dashed by the consciousness that his mother had actually partaken of that fate which he had maliciously intended for himself also.

My story draws to a close.

Miss de Maupas explained her absence and long silence satisfactorily, and a year afterwards she was married to Count André. But long before that joyous event took place, a mad and melancholy procession wended its slow and sorrowful way to Kensal Green, where in consecrated ground the Countess de Chartres was allowed by the merciful verdict of a charitable jury, to be laid.

## EXCAVATIONS AT MEMPHIS—ENTRANCE GATES TO THE SERAPIUM.

THE discovery of the Serapium of Memphis was an event of modern archaeology. It took place in the month of November, 1850, and was made by M. Aug. Mariette, conservator of the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

Four years labour in these excavations—which were carried on at the expense of the French government—had already yielded promising results, when they were interrupted by the outbreak of the Crimean war. These excavations, however, were by no means exhausted; they had yet hidden treasures to disclose; and M. Mariette seized the first opportunity of completing his investigations. Not long since, this opportunity presented itself. M. Mariette was nominated to attend the projected expedition of Prince Napoleon to Egypt, and preceded his Highness, upon the invitation of the Viceroy, for the purpose of executing some works that would lend additional interest to the journey of the Prince.

Our engraving on page 269, represents one of the fruits of the excavations made by M. Mariette in different parts of Egypt, by order and at the expense of the Viceroy. The walls rising on each side are the remains of an entrance gate to the Serapium. At their feet are two crouching lions, exceedingly fine as specimens of the sculpture of the period. In the distance, are the tents of the *savant* explorer.

The illustration is from a drawing sent by M. Barbot, painter to his Highness Prince Halim Pacha, brother of the Viceroy.

## THE CEREMONY OF THE DOSSEH, AT CAIRO.

THE engraving on our first page is from a painting by a French artist, named Alexander Bida, who was born at Toulouse, in 1823. He came to Paris, where he studied under the great painter, Eugene Delacroix. He afterwards visited Constantinople and the East, which have furnished him with a great many subjects, among them the "Ceremony of the Dosseh at Cairo," which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. It represents a scene of religious fanaticism. The Chief of the Order of Dervishes is coming forth from the mosque, and idiotic devotees, prostrating themselves on the ground, are making a living pathway for his horse. Some of them, it will be perceived, are being led away severely injured by the hoofs and weight of the horse.

A telegram from Berlin announces that a great fire broke out at the Royal Palace on Friday evening last in all quarters of the city, and was not got under until two hundred houses were burnt, and ten lives lost.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!—It is an acknowledged fact that Jones & Co.'s Bull-Guinea Hat (the Hamilton) is the best-shaped one in London, equal to what is sold for Twelve and Six at the West-End houses. Jones & Co.'s Manufactories, 78, Long Acre.—ADVN





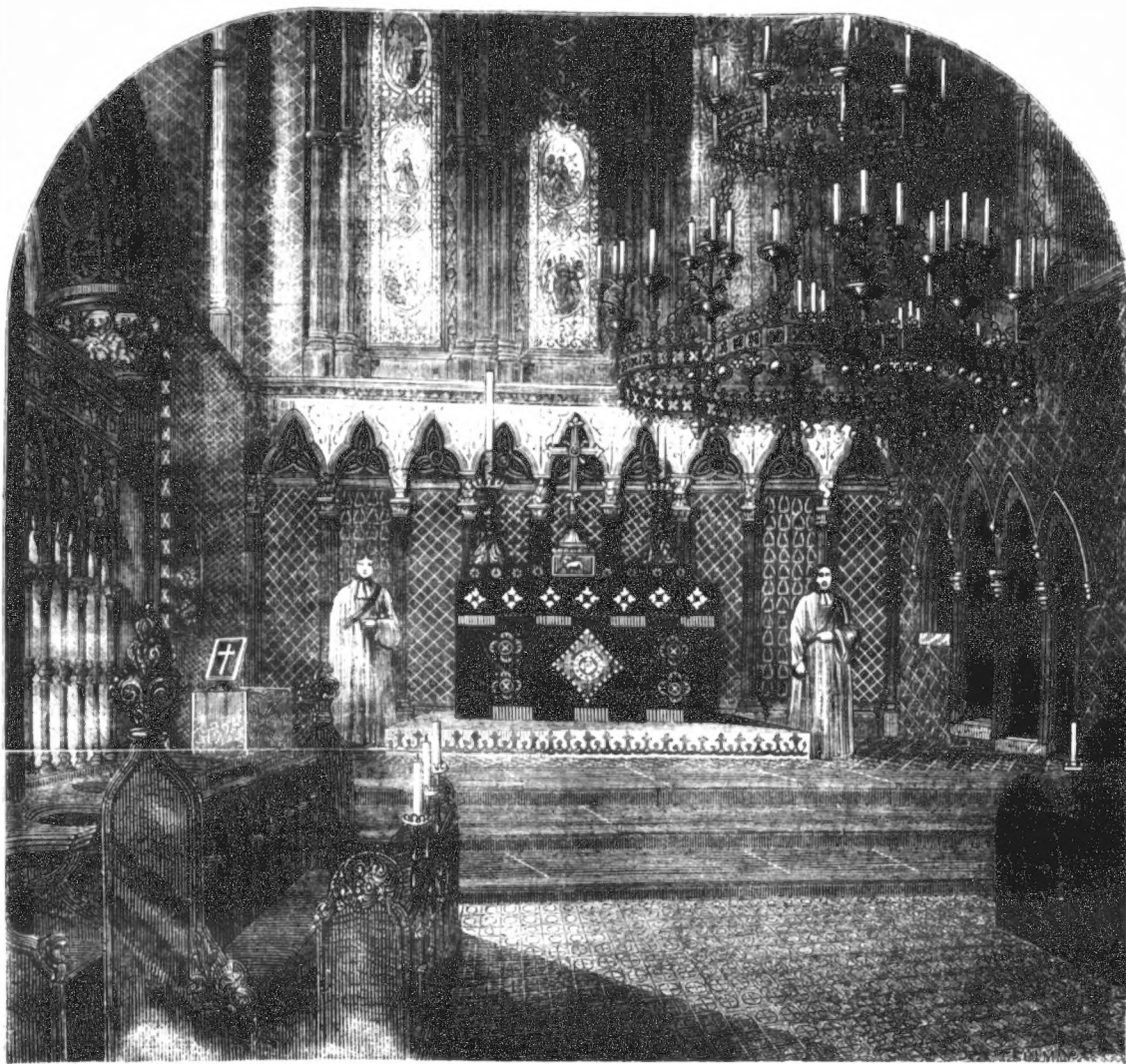
VIEW OF BUYUK KUTLUK, A PART OF TURKISH TROOPS FOR CANDIA. (See Page 259.)



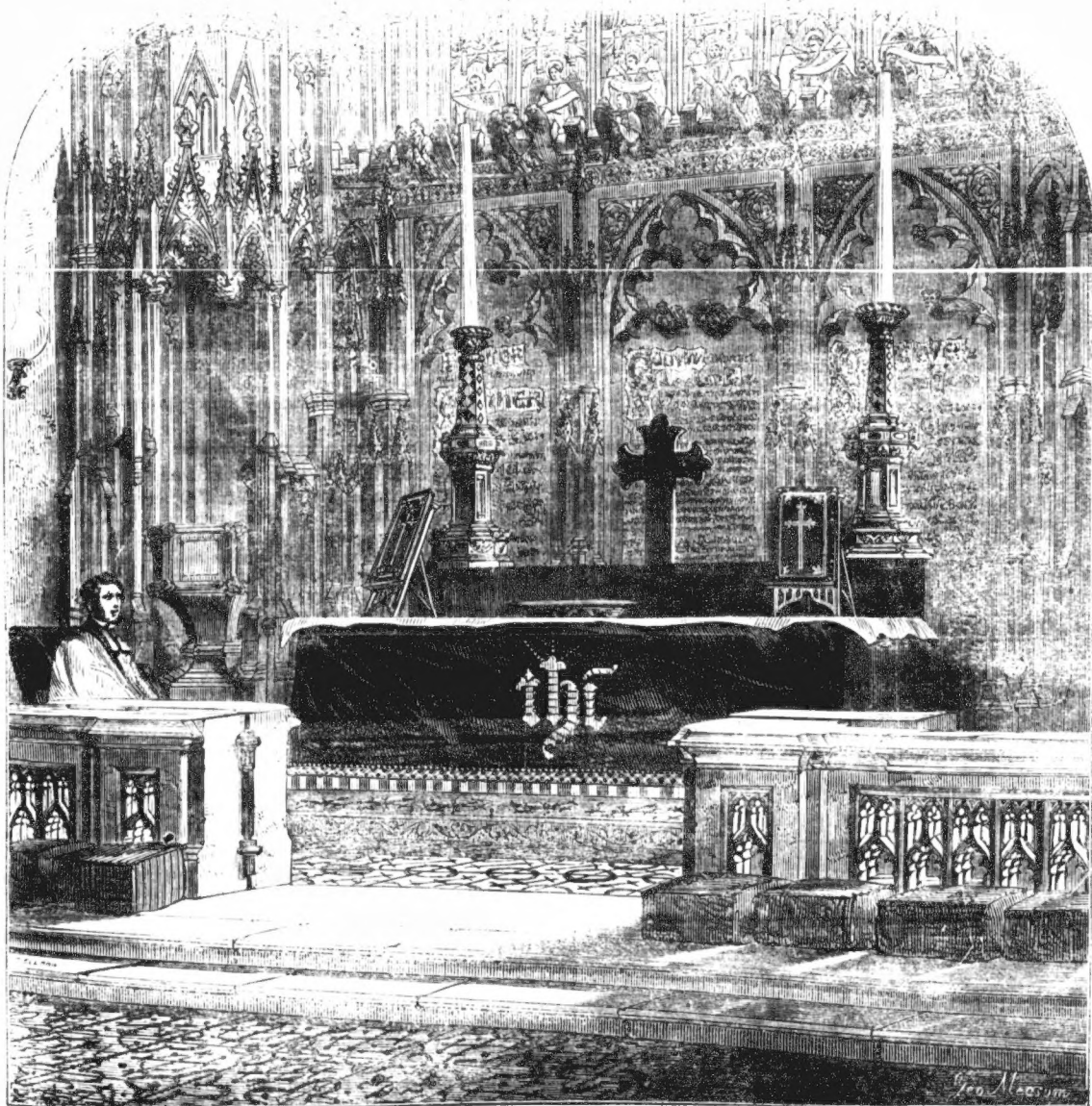
## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The throng in Paris now, from all the world, is amazing, and the city appears proportionately joyous. Nearly every hotel is crowded; lodgings are scarce and dear; all places of evening amusement glow with the aspects of profit and success, and, by day, the streets are great exhibitions of themselves. But the grand ceremonials of the Champs de Mars are yet to come, and among them, none will excel the pageant of the Sultan's entry, with his more than imperial retinue, an event without parallel in history; a fragment from old Eastern barbarism, blending with the graces of our modern state. Hour by hour the immense palace of industry and art is being enriched and arranged for the summer, which, at last, is setting in. Upon a general review of it, I think the attractions are likely to increase as the original idea is developed. The sovereigns and princes of Europe are gathering there, as the highest delegates of civilisation. Genius and rank, wealth and fashion, glitter within the painted walls; and, whatever early shortcomings may have been—like accidents of machinery to a newly-produced drama—the Imperial Commission, after all, may promise itself, in the end, an unqualified triumph.

The Great Paris Exhibition has an influence which grows upon you. It is a work of nations. This building, which could hold the Tuileries and the Alhambra together, which is daily receiving tribute from both hemispheres, which is at once solemnly instructive and convivially gay, tempts you into a slight degree of—shall I call it nonsense? No; because then the whole meaning of the show would be lost. Is it possible, simultaneously, to roam among these groups and spectacles, brought from Fez and Morocco, from Transylvania and Hungary, from Lisbon and Naples, from the Tartarian steppes and the Siberian forests, from the young towns of the New World, and the decaying cities of the Old, and to avoid a small excitement of the mind? Of course not. I mean, especially, when the intellectual aspect of the Exhibition rises to view. There is much to be thought of and said about the splendid, dignified, but dilatory Turk, who here presents himself rich, gorgeous, picturesque, and wasteful of effect as ever; much of the plodding Dutch, whose workmanship is so excellent, but whose products, though of the best kind, are so plain; much of the Russians, who enclose their jewels in caskets worth more than the contents; of the Americans, who scatter their treasures over wildernesses of neglected space; of the Belgians, who hardly allow themselves elbow room. But it is when we compare these national specialities, that the true significance of the Palace speaks—whether through the lips of Greece, with her block of marble, looking back towards the parent source of art; the United States, with her ploughs and sledges, indicative of a homelier ambition; Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria, with their massive sculptures, colonial trophies of metal and mahogany; Vienna with her upholstery; Cologne with its carvings and perfumes; or the fancy of France springing forth in a thousand shapes of gold and bronze, and a thousand colours of beauty and luxury upon her exuberant canvas. Well, in the contemplation of all this, I should not like to be a juror, because it is not easy and would not be just to pass sentence upon so much that is admirable in various senses, and is really the expression of ardent, thorough-working, patient and conscientious minds. We have, it must be remembered, two worlds to compare—the past and the present. Here is a portrait which, as Schiller said, seems as that of one whose old age had been crowned by the reminiscences of a well-spent life. It has upon it the darkness and yet the splendour of time. Here is another, pre-



RITUALISM—THE ALTAR OF ST. BARNABUS CHURCH, PIMLICO. (See Page 268.)



RITUALISM—THE ALTAR OF ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. (See Page 268.)

senting the features of a sweet and sparkling English girl, and I am afraid that—silly charmer!—she is more proud of the pearls wreathed in her hair than of the gold which belongs to it. Was that the painter's fault? I come now to the sketch of a cottage—the walls of deep red brick, the shutters of myrtle green, the grape vine trailing above both. It is 200 years old, mellow and soft; but by it hangs a wretched daub, done to order, representing a citizen's ambition upon retiring from business. Again, was that the artist's fault? I wish to keep in view the principle implied by this distinction, and also another—equally necessary for the sake of justice—which is set forth in the German saying, that genius will do what it must, while talent must do what it can. It is very interesting, trying to have a fair and reasonable appreciation of the entire scheme, to reflect upon these contrasts—here groin and cross, of elaborate shaping, tinted window and Gothic arch—there a totally different set of results wrought from other ideas and substances; mediæval imaginations side by side with the practical inventions of the Oldham or Birmingham machinist—the one performing the joyous, the other the heavy tasks of life.

It may easily be believed that the museums of imagination, where the pictures and sculptures are, attract the largest concourse of people. Thither go all the queens of May, leaving the steam hammers, giant pumps, agricultural engines, and unintelligible complications of steel and iron to harder heads from the northern latitudes of all countries. But it would be a mistake to say that every class does not appear to be fascinated by the vastness and variety of the Exhibition now daily growing into completeness. Its material interest increases, its moral significance seems to deepen constantly. Perhaps there is nothing splendid in the Champ de Mars. As I have said, the projectors have not made a landscape or an architectural perspective out of their scheme, because the interior is a series of bazaars, while the exterior is a bewildering of incongruous objects, pretty enough, no doubt, but a mighty maze, most assuredly without a plan. It is as a colossal encyclopedia, a cosmorama of the earth, an epitome *mundi* that the Paris Exhibition should be studied, and then it brightens and seems to breathe with the life of many generations. Nature has unbosomed herself to it, and it contains the complete and practical logic of our civilisation, whatsoever we wish it to be illustrated, whether by a Pennsylvanian harrow or a Yorkshire cart, by a new French dye or a British newspaper, by a glorious classic from Italy or by the latest caprice in *excelsis* of Monti's veiled figures, of a statue to be of transparent mould and illuminated by night by a flesh-tinted flame from within. To admire, to wonder at, to misunderstand, or to despise all these an enormous cosmopolitan congress is gathering. The last of the packing cases will speedily have been opened; the full representation of mankind will soon be on the spot. Already German, Russian, Italian, Dane, Swede, and Hungarian have arrived. Round this angle of the corridor I see a Spanish mantle, round that a Turkish robe, in precedence of the Sultan's state; anon the tunic of a Greek. Then the Tunisian scarlet gleams amid masses of stupendous iron castings from Belgium; rustling against the blue blouse of the Parisian workman, we have the bright mantle of Andalusia; and the slouched German hat nods to the skullcap of the Levant. These are pictures in themselves, but all Paris is a great exhibition just now.—*Correspondent of the Standard.*

The *Moniteur de Soir* publishes an account of the reception by the Emperor of the deputation from the Universal Tourist Company, who have arrived from England to arrange for the economical visit to Paris of the working men of the United Kingdom. The President made the following address to the Emperor:—"The English workmen are coming to see and compare the international products







was on Saturday certainly one of the unusual accompaniments of May flower shows. The band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance, and played an excellent selection of music with and without the co-operation of the Crystal Palace Band.

## SOCIETY:

### Its Facts and its Rumours.

The Queen arrived at Balmoral Castle on the 23rd, accompanied by Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and Prince Christian Victor. Her Majesty was attended by the Duchess Dowager of Athole, the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, General the Hon. C. Grey, Lord C. Fitzroy, Mr. Legg, Mr. Sahl, and Dr. Jenner. Prince Arthur, attended by Major Elphinstone, arrived in the evening from Blackheath.

On her Majesty's birthday, all the servants belonging to Balmoral, and their families, went up to the Castle in the morning to offer their congratulations on the anniversary.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Kingscote, Major Teesdale, and the Hon. Oliver Montagu, was present on Saturday morning at the annual Guard-mounting parade at the Horse Guards, in honour of her Majesty's birthday. In the evening the Prince of Wales presided at the annual dinner of the 10th Hussars, at Willis's Rooms.

"Princess Alice of Hesse," says the *Court Journal*, "will arrive at Marlborough House the first week in June, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and also for the purpose of holding drawing-rooms in England." It is announced that the drawing-room which was to have been held at St. James's Palace on Saturday, the 8th of June, by her Royal Highness, has been postponed till Thursday, the 27th of June.

The Court will return to Windsor on Tuesday the 18th inst.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide was safely delivered of a Princess at one minute before twelve on Sunday night. Her Royal Highness and the infant Princess are doing perfectly well.

Mr. Lloyd, who is a chaplain in the Royal Navy, has been appointed by the Foreign Secretary to take charge of the fourteen Japanese youths staying for the present in this country.

A testimonial letter, signed by 113 jurors and associate jurors of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, has been sent to Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., expressive of their high appreciation of the able and important services Mr. Cole has rendered in the arrangement and administration of the British department.

It appears by the *London Gazette* that the Queen has granted to the brother and sister of Lord Aylmer—namely, to Mr. Henry Aylmer (now resident in Canada) and to Caroline Amelia Sophia, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd—the same precedence they would have been entitled to had their late father succeeded to the title, which enables them to use the prefix of "Honourable."

The Mayor of Dudley received a letter from the Earl of Dudley on Monday morning, informing him of the birth of a son and heir to his lordship. Immediately upon the receipt of the letter the bells of St. Thomas's Church commenced a merry peal, and this order of things was continued all day during the intervals between the services. The following is a copy of the letter:—"Dear Mr. Mayor,—The interests of my family are too closely bound up with those of the town of Dudley, and the borough has given both Lady Dudley and myself too many flattering assurances of the kindly interest it takes in the fortunes of my house, for me to doubt that any event which greatly affects them will be received with a corresponding feeling to the great happiness it conveys; and it is, therefore, with the utmost pride that I make known to you, amongst the very first, the pleasing intelligence of Lady Dudley's safe confinement, and the birth of a son and heir, this morning at a little after one o'clock. To this I must add, with great thankfulness, that both mother and child are going on favourably, and I am, dear Mr. Mayor, yours truly (signed) DUDLEY.—Dudley House, Park-lane, May 25, 1867."

## LONDON GOSSIP.

In consequence of the increase of his private engagements, Dr. Jenner has been obliged to resign the chair of medicine in University College; but he retains his office of physician to the hospital.—*The Lancet*.

It is expected that the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty concluded at the London Conference will take place immediately. The ratifications of all the contracting Powers, with the exception of Austria and Belgium, have already arrived in London.

The present workhouse of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in the rear of the National Gallery, being required for an addition to that institution, the guardians have secured a plot of land of about seven acres in extent at Wimbledon, upon which they propose to build a new workhouse. The cost of the building will be £25,000.

On Monday morning the tailors' strike became enlarged by the withdrawal of the men employed in the shops of those masters known as military tailors. About 500 men are employed in this branch, and one and all gave notice that they intended to take no more work after finishing the work in hand. The cause of this strike is the same as that in the other branch of the trade—the refusal by the masters of the time lag. The men are nearly all members of the Tailors' Union, and will be supported from the funds.

The cruel flogging of coolies on the tea plantations of Assam formed the subject of a parliamentary paper lately published. From that document it appeared that the chief offenders had been subjected only to a nominal punishment, and that there was an absence of that strict magisterial supervision which was indispensable to the just treatment of the coolies. Before he left office Lord Cranborne addressed a vigorous despatch to the Governor-General on the subject, reprobating these cruelties in the strongest language, and directing the appointment of an additional magistrate.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* understands that the Duke of Cambridge has decided on calling upon a general officer of his Majesty's army to resign his commission in consequence of his name having been associated with a recent notorious turf scandal. Although this is not the first occasion in which this officer has appeared in an unavourable manner before the public, we believe that the Duke of Cambridge has only decided on taking this step on the general in question having declined, on the ground that

pecuniary embarrassments render his presence in London impossible, to appear before a private court of inquiry of his brother officers at the Horse Guards. We believe that the Secretary of State for War has fully concurred with his Royal Highness in the course proposed.

The fourth anniversary of the birthday of her Majesty was celebrated on Saturday with the usual *éclat* throughout the metropolis. The Tower and Park guns were fired, the national standard hoisted on all public buildings, reviews or inspections of troops took place, the usual state banquets were given, and the West-end illuminations were numerous and brilliant. The review of the Foot Guards in St. James's Park was witnessed by a large and fashionable crowd of spectators. Those at Woolwich, Chatham, Shorncliffe, and Aldershot also attracted large numbers of persons of distinction. The squadrons at Spithead and in Portsmouth harbour were gallily dressed; the dock-yard men had a holiday, the troops in the garrison were reviewed on the common, and the mayor (Mr. Emanuel) entertained the officers of both services at dinner. At Windsor the auspicious event was celebrated at intervals throughout the day by the bells of the Chapel Royal, of St. George, and the parish church of St. John, New Windsor, pealing merrily, while at one o'clock a Royal salute of 21 guns was fired from artillery in the Long-walk, Windsor Park, by the town bombardier, Pond. Similar salutes were also fired from the Royal Adelaide frigate and Fort Belvidere at Virginia Water, and the principal streets of the town were gay with flags.

It will be remembered that on the abandonment of the intention to raise a vast monolithic obelisk, which was the first ideal form for the memorial, several of the most eminent architects were invited to submit designs, and that of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., was selected. Mr. Scott's design, though in some sense a "memorial cross," differs widely in type from the form usually described by that term. It is, in fact, a vast canopy or shrine, overshadowing a colossal statue of the personage to be commemorated, and itself enriched throughout with artistic illustrations or allusions to the arts and sciences fostered by the Prince, and the virtues which adorned his character. The canopy or shrine which forms the main feature of the memorial is raised upon a platform approached on all sides by a vast double flight of steps, and stands upon a basement or podium rising from this elevated platform to a level of about 12 feet. Upon the angles of this podium stand the four great clusters of granite shafts that support the canopy, which is itself arched on each side from these massive pillars, each face being terminated by a gable, and each angle by a lofty pinnacle; while over all rises a *fièche* or enriched spire of metal work surmounted by a gemmed and fluted cross. Beneath the canopy, and raised upon a pedestal, will be placed the *quasi*-enthroned statue of the Prince Consort.

The funeral of Mr. Clarkson Stanfield took place on Monday. The procession moved in the first instance to the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Mary, Holly-place, Hampstead, which had been draped in black. The remains were received by the Very Rev. Monsignor Vincent Eyre, and a numerous body of the Roman Catholic clergy who attended for the purpose of paying a last mark of respect to the memory of their deceased friend. After an impressive requiem mass the cortege left the chapel. It consisted of a landau and pair with clergy, two porters, an improved open hearse, with monogram in silver on each side, and drawn by four horses. The coffin was of polished oak, with a massive Latin cross running the entire length of the lid, and covered with a violet velvet pall, surmounted by a wreath of flowers. There were seven mourning coaches presided a large number of private carriages, including those of nearly all the leading members of the Royal Academy. The funeral procession moved slowly to St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Kensal Green, which is situate farther on in the Harrow-road than the cemetery which is now so familiar to all. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather a large number of persons had assembled on the ground. Here, with a simple but effective service, the remains of the late distinguished academician were finally deposited in a brick grave.

The railways generously permit a baby to be carried without charge; but not, it seems, without incurring responsibility. It has been lately decided, in "Austin v. the Great Western Railway Company," 16 L. T. Rep. N. S. 320, that where a child in arms, not paid for as a passenger, is injured by an accident caused by negligence, the company is liable in damages under Lord Campbell's act. Three of the judges were clearly of opinion that the company had, by permitting the mother to take the child in her arms, contracted to carry safely both mother and child; and Blackburn, J., went still further, and was of opinion that, independently of any such contract, express or implied, the law cast upon the company a duty to use proper and reasonable care in carrying the child, though unpaid for. It may appear somewhat hard upon railway companies to incur liabilities through an act of liberality, but they have chosen to do so. The law is against them, that is clear; but they have the remedy in their own hands. There was some reason for exempting a child in arms, for it occupies no place in the carriage, and is but a trifling addition of weight. But now it is established that the company is responsible for the consequences of accident to that child, the company is clearly entitled to make such a charge as will secure them against the risk. The right course would be to have a tariff, say of one-fifth or one-fourth of the full fare, for a child in arms; and if strict justice were done, this should be deducted from the fares of the passengers who have the ill luck to face and flank the squaller.—*Law Times*.

The arrangements for the reception of the Belgian riflemen are assuming a form which promises complete success. The Reception Committee have been working assiduously, and it is gratifying to find that no member of the executive body has displayed more interest in all that can conduce to making the entertainment to the Belgians one worthy of our Volunteers and of the English people than the Honorary President, the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness has determined on being in London at the time of the visit of the Belgian riflemen; and we are happy to add that the King of the Belgians will be here too. As he led his people in their magnificent reception of the Volunteers, the Volunteers will rejoice in his Majesty's presence among us when we are entertaining those of his subjects who have accepted the return invitation. The English Volunteers have already made arrangements for two grand entertainments at the Agricultural Hall, the management of which has been intrusted to Mr. Defries. On one evening there will be a bill and supper, and on another, a concert and supper, to which the Volunteers will be invited as guests. There is every probability that the R.L.R. riflemen will be conveyed from Oostend to London-bridge in Admiralty steamers, and that immediately on landing they will be marched to Guildhall, and there entertained by the civic authorities. Miss Burdett Coutts has intimated her desire to give them a *fête*, and more than one nobleman has solicited the sanction of the Reception Committee to receive the visitors at a banquet. It is, however, the wish of the committee that, apart

from private hospitalities, there should be a national reception, fitting the character of the country, and, therefore, they are anxious that the subscriptions of Volunteer corps and of the public should be sent in at once. The city of Brussels presented to each of our Volunteers a handsome silver medal and bar, commemorative of the visit. The Executive Committee of the English Volunteers have given orders for the manufacture of a beautiful badge, which will be presented to each of the Belgian riflemen visiting London. If the public second the efforts of those to whom the management of the reception has been intrusted, this visit of the Belgian riflemen will be creditable to our national force and to the country generally.

## FOREIGN SCRAPS.

The official *Abendpost* announces that the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary is fixed to take place on the 8th of June.

The *Movimento* of Genoa has the following:—"A painful event has plunged a noble family of this city into mourning. The young wife of the Marquis L.—d'A—, on rising from table about six in the evening, retired to her apartment, where, no one knows why—she stabbed herself to the heart with a knife, death following almost immediately.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia arrived in Paris on Friday week. They were received at the railway station by General Reilly, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor. Count Von Goltz and the entire personnel of the Prussian Embassy were present, and their Royal Highnesses were conducted to the hotel of the embassy in an Imperial carriage.

A commission appointed by the French government to inquire into the best means of protecting powder magazines from the effects of lightning, recommends that, instead of the gold or platinum top which generally terminates lightning conductors, a copper cylinder, two centimetres in diameter by 20 or 25 in length, should be used, as this cannot melt, owing to its great conducting power.

A telegram from Vienna in the *Presse* states that an accident has happened to the Archduchess Matilda, which was caused by her treading on a lucifer match when out walking. Her clothes at once caught fire, and were in a blaze before she knew anything about the matter. With the exception of the face, all the body is more or less burnt. At first the medical attendants considered her situation as exceedingly dangerous, but afterwards they began to entertain better hopes. The telegram does not say where the accident occurred. The princess, only 18 years of age, and remarkable for her beauty, is the lady spoken of as having been sought in marriage by Prince Humbert of Italy.

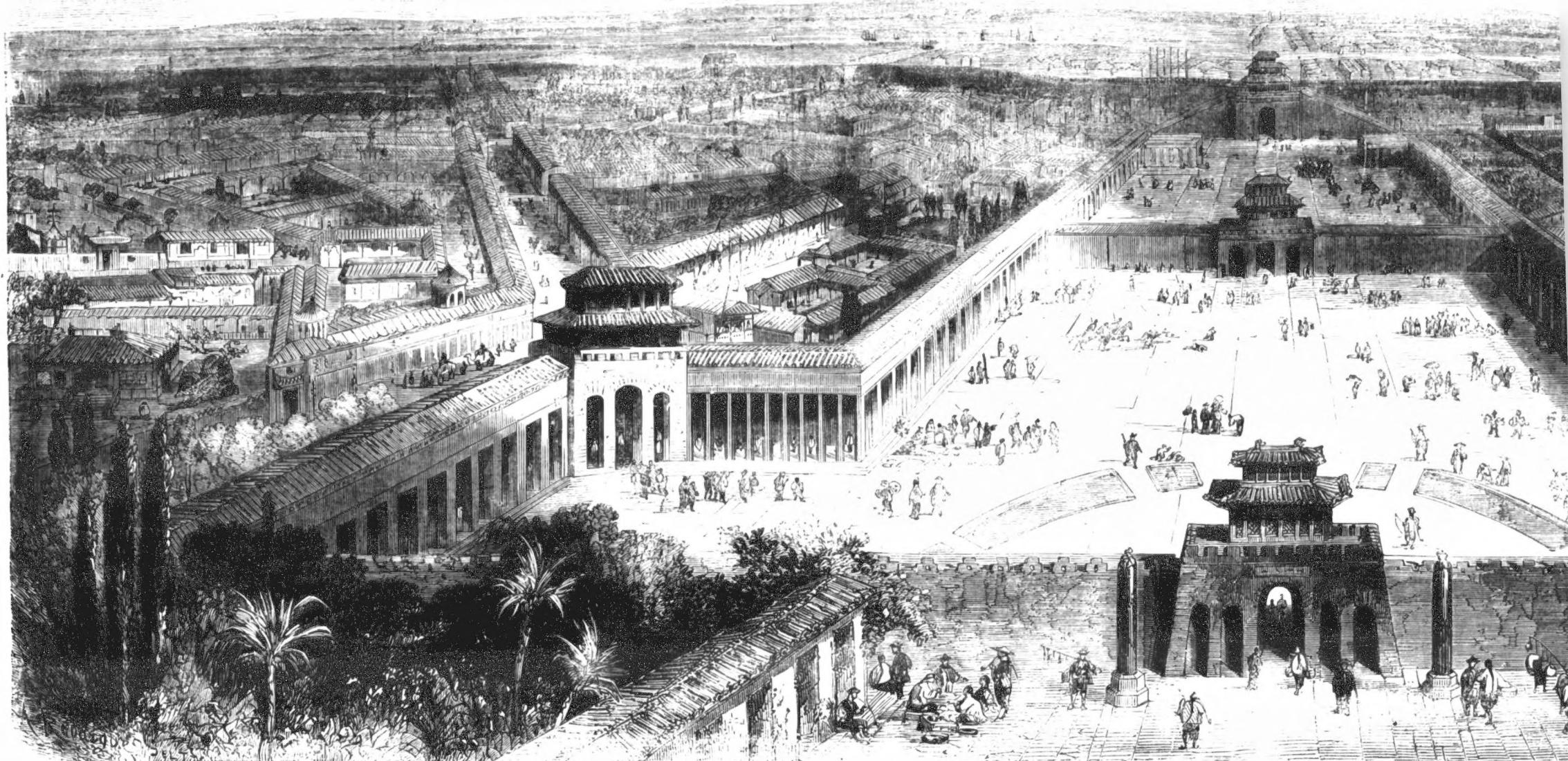
A dreadful murder lately took place at Algesira, Andalusia. A corporal, named Maza, of the commissariat, was placed under arrest by order of Captain Villaroel, controller of the military hospitals, for having been absent without leave. This appears to have so irritated the corporal that he watched for a favourable opportunity, got possession of a rifle, loaded it, and entered the room of Captain Villaroel. On attempting to fire it, he found he had forgotten to "cap," whereupon he seized his rifle by the muzzle and made a savage attack with the butt end of it upon his defenceless victim. The first blow broke the captain's right arm, and the second fractured his skull, the hammer of the lock penetrating the brain. The corporal then left the unfortunate man lying on the floor quite insensible. Captain Villaroel survived about twenty-four hours, remaining insensible the whole time.

The "own correspondent" of the *Times* gives an unsavoury account of Naples la Bella. He says that the condition of that city when the sirocco wind blows is positively poisonous, and that he has never known it to be more foul or filthy than at the present moment. Fever is rife; the water supply is so scant that numbers of the inhabitants perish every summer from drought and dirt; and no efforts of any kind are being made to carry off the sewage, which putrefies beneath the feet and taints the air. The crowd of visitors who in former days used to hibernate year after year in the palaces of the Chigi and in the pleasant villas above it, now only pay Naples hurried and brief visits, lest they should verify the saying, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori;" and its hotel and lodging-house keepers are in deep despair. Yet, from its position and aspect, with good drainage and with a sufficient supply of water, Naples would be the healthiest city in the world.

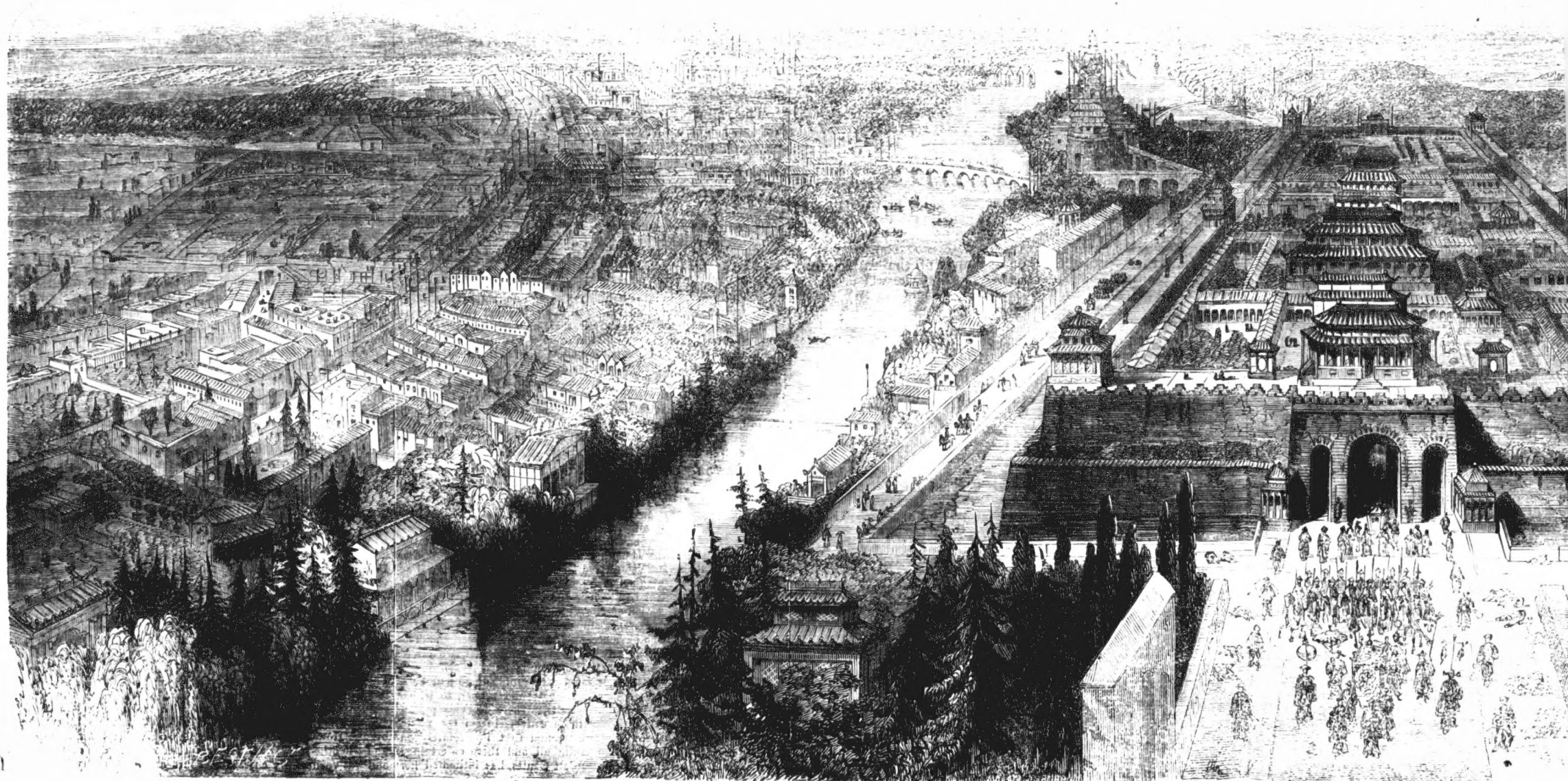
A curious case of assault is alleged as having occurred at the village of Shekoo, in China. From the evidence given at the magistracy, it appears that a Chinaman called upon a female who owed him money, and found that the said lady (a widow) was out of cash, but was willing to give the creditor her heart and hand in lieu thereof. The offer was at once accepted; but the woman's friend did not appear to like the arrangement, and were not slow in showing their dislike. About ten of them entered the house and gave the happy husband of the widow a sound beating, tied his hands and feet, cut off his queue, and removed his purse and a pair of shoes. During this castigation, the relations tried by threats to squeeze \$20 from the suffering bridegroom. Prisoners (three in all) denied having inflicted the indignity of cutting off the complainant's queue, but stated that the house belonged to them. The Tipu of the village gave the prisoners a good character, and spoke disparagingly of the widow: he did not know the widow's husband. Altogether, the case was a very strange one, but the magistrate stated that he had no doubt that an assault had been committed. Prisoners were bailed for \$25 each.

The New York papers received by the *Persia* contain accounts of Mr. Jefferson Davis's arrival at Richmond on the 11th inst. He was taken to Spottswood Hotel, where he was visited by numbers of friends on Saturday evening and Sunday. On Monday morning General Barton produced Mr. Davis at the Circuit Court, before Judge Underwood. District Attorney Chandler announced that the Government did not intend to prosecute the trial at the present Term Court. Mr. O'Connor then, on behalf of Mr. Davis, asked that, in view of the long imprisonment and delicate health of the prisoner, he might be admitted to bail. The counsel for the Government not opposing, Judge Underwood fixed the bail at 100,000 dollars, half of it to be furnished by residents in Virginia. The bail bond, which requires Mr. Davis to appear before the court on the 25th of November next, was signed by Mr. Horace Greeley, Mr. Augustus Schell, General Jackson, and ten others. Mr. Davis was then discharged from custody, and was vociferously cheered in court and on his way back to the hotel. A number of negroes shook hands with him. In the evening Mr. Davis and his wife embarked on board a steamer for New York, en route to visit his children at school in Canada.



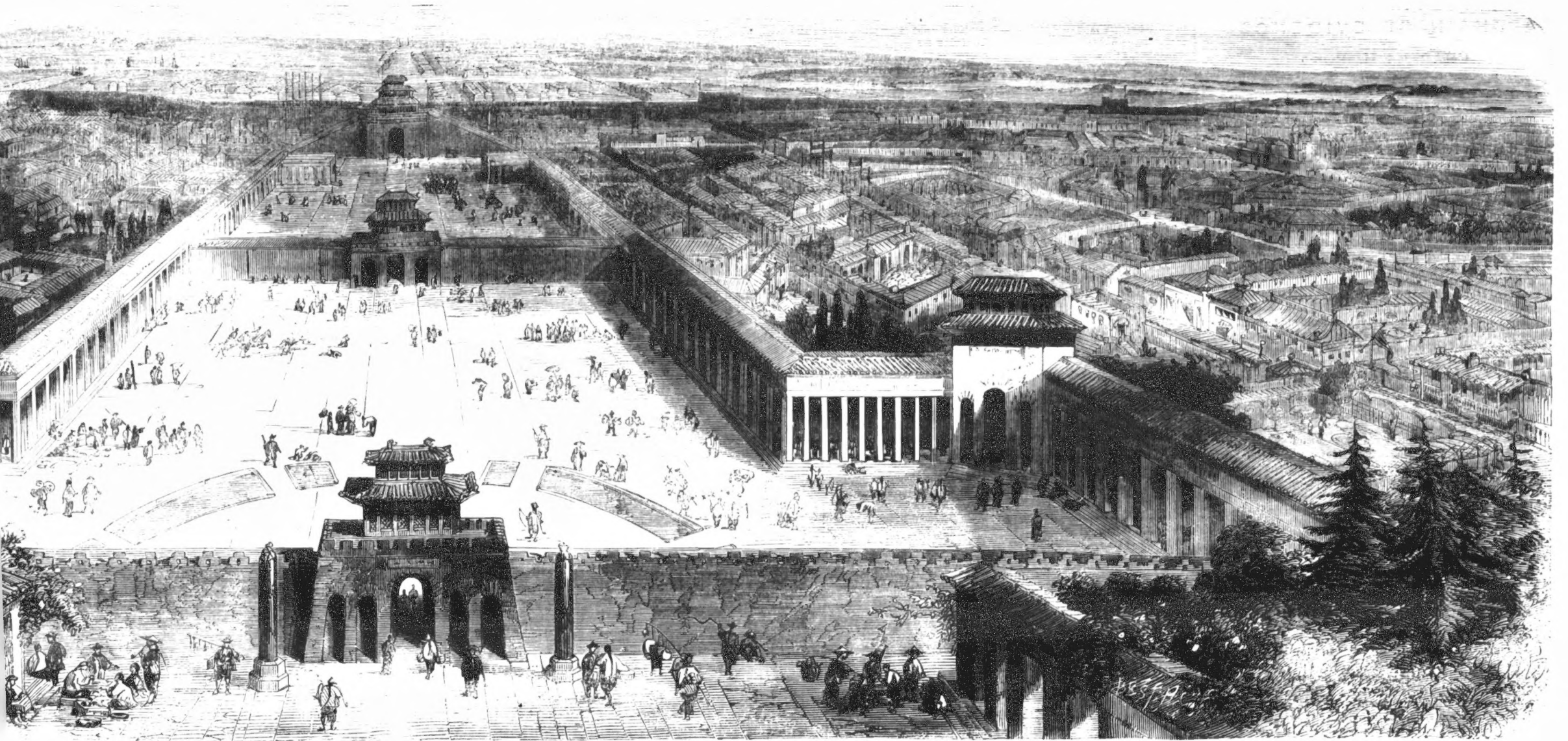


VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKIN, TAKEN FROM THE SOUTH. (See Page 268.)

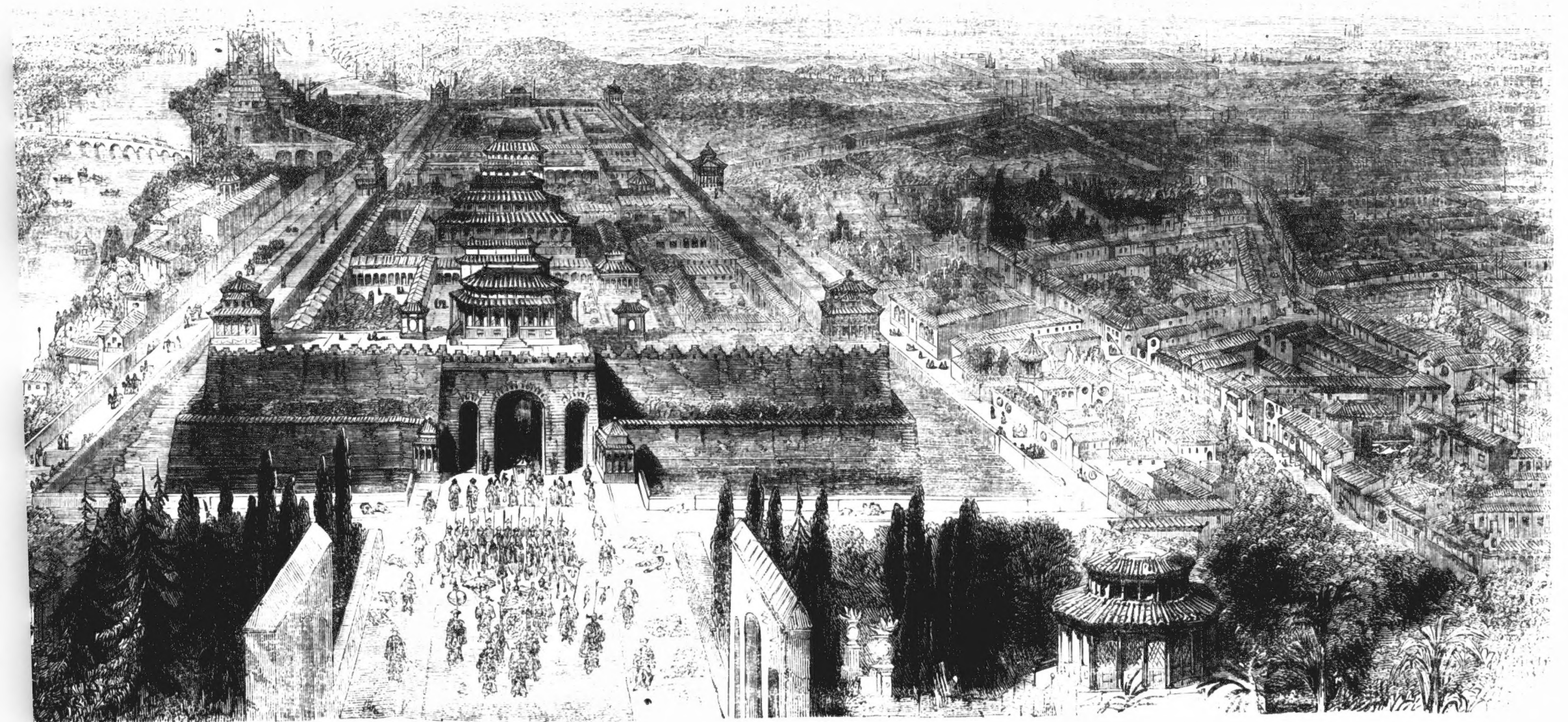


VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKIN, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH. (See Page 268)





VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKIN, TAKEN FROM THE SOUTH. (See Page 268.)



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKIN, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH, (See Page 268)



## Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY  
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Third.  
THE STRUGGLE AT LAST.

CHAPTER III.—JANE'S TRIUMPH.

MORE than two hours elapsed before Mr. Edward Gay had responded to the summons, but he came at last, having, indeed, started almost the very moment he received the message.

For reasons of his own this eccentric medical practitioner fixed his place of residence in remote suburbs far apart, pitching his tent, for instance, one week in the far north, and the next taking up his abode upon the extreme limits of the town in a southerly district.

Without altogether abandoning the name of Gay, to which, until the last, he seemed to cling with a curious affection difficult to account for, seeing that the very mention of it in some of the busy haunts of commerce evoked angry looks and loud vituperation—he fancifully embellished it by prefixes of three syllables, or sometimes an after name, which, surely, you could not have thought much the worse because it belonged to some rich old county family.

As when we knew him, his method of obtaining patients was a singular one. He had not yet bought the door-plate or the red lamp. He spent a good deal of his time with his feet upon the bobs, waiting for the postman, and cursing his luck when the letter-carrier failed to call, as indeed he generally did. Very frequently he wandered among the city lanes and by-ways, and waited interminable half-hours in outer offices, or upon the staircases and landings, or at street corners, as persons have to wait who expect to draw money of somebody to whom the money does not belong, but who has to consult a third person always unseen, and not unfrequently suspected to be more or less apocryphal.

When the messenger came to look for Mr. Gay upon this particular occasion, down a side street in Kentish Town, upon the third floor of a house of which he resided, he was fortunate enough to find the object of his search upon the door-step. Mr. Gay, otherwise, would five minutes later have been in bed, for he was just returning home from a convivial meeting of some length, and was feeling in his pocket for his latch-key as he yawned wearily. But when he heard where he was wanted he became suddenly wide awake.

As they walked along together they could not find a cab for a long while, at that hour, in such an out-of-the-way place. Day began to break.

He drew up the blind in Lady Lad's room, and the daylight streamed in upon his haggard features and sallow sunken cheeks. He bent forward to feel her pulse. Some one entering the room at this moment, he raised his eyes and met those of Jane looking at him very steadfastly.

"The little daughter I saw the other day," he thought—Soloman had told him what relationship existed between her and the murdered man—"She'd help me if I could make her understand how the wife had robbed her. But I am afraid she's too young to be revengeful—she's quite a child."

The child came towards him, speaking with great confidence in a low, firm tone.

"Is her ladyship in great danger? You have been told what happened? The house was broken into last night. She tried to prevent the burglar from escaping, and he struck her several times in the face. I held him till the police came."

"You held him?"

"There was nothing wonderful in it. He had fallen down, and it was not for long. But no one else did anything. He would have got away altogether if I had not done what I did."

The doctor regarded her attentively in silence.

"I was mistaken here," he thought. "I must be very cautious for the future, and see how her wishes lie before I break the ice." Then he said aloud, "Her ladyship is in a very dangerous state. She must be kept quiet—very quiet. I will call again to-night."

Throughout the day her ladyship lay motionless, and never opened her lips but to give utterance to a weary sigh or a low moan of pain. She seemed scarcely to recognise those moving around her, and at times lay so awfully still and death-like, that they more than once listened in fear with bowed heads over the pillow, fancying that her spirit had passed away. As night approached, however, she began to show some faint signs of returning animation. Her thin hands fluttered like dead leaves upon the white coverlet, and her eyes opening wide, she stared fixedly at the faded canopy above, and muttered indistinct sounds.

Coming to the bed-side, Jane leant over her and listened. Presently she made out a few mumbled words.

"Has he taken all?" the old woman was asking.

"Do you mean the robber?" Jane asked.

Her ladyship nodded slightly—"Yes."

"We have got back all he took?"

"Are you sure? Did he go into any other rooms? Did he go down stairs?"

"He was taken by the police in the passage."

"How did he get in? What made him come? Somebody must have told him some falsehoods about my having money. He thought he should find some money. How did he get in?"

"I do not know. I know who he was, though, but you must keep quiet. The doctor said we were not to talk to you."

"Why? Nonsense—I'm quite well."

"He said it might kill you. We were to be very careful."

"I don't care if it does. I will know."

Perhaps Miss Jane might have been rather more indifferent as to the result than she could have her ladyship believe. At any rate, she required no more pressing, but told what she had to tell—that the robber was her ladyship's son.

The old lady listened in blank amazement to this revelation. At first she would not believe it to be true. It must, she said, be some mistake of Jane's, because Charity Stone's child had died many years ago, or, at least, Charity had told her so. But then the old lady had an impression that the person who had broken into the house must have been acquainted with the premises, and who but the servant was likely to give information out of doors. Certainly, Charity was the last woman in the world she would have supposed capable of gossiping with strangers—it was so unlike her nature; but if the burglar were her son, there was, of course, an explanation of the whole business.

"Why should she say he was," asked Jane, "if it were not true?"

There was no solution to this problem. The old lady, for some time lay silent, her mouth twitching as though she were mulling to herself. At length Jane asked—

"Have you ever missed anything lately?"

It was so very sure that one of her ladyship's suspicious nature—a hoarder up of odds and ends, who turned the key on cupboards full of rubbish, double locked drawers, and sealed down boxes, and marked her money—it was so very sure that she must have missed something—or rather, that she must for ever be missing something, or fancying that some stranger had been at work among her treasures. At the suggestion the old lady pricked up her ears.

"I don't know," she said; "I think—yes, I think I have—yes, I'm sure I have."

"Perhaps if we were to look into Charity's box, we might find something."

"No. Why should we? Of course she had no hand in the robbery. You say the things were found on him. I hope they were all found. I wish I could look. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Shall I?"

"No, no; there's nothing to look for. I did not know what I was saying."

Jane sat quiet by the bedside. In the position she occupied, the curtain hanging between her and the old lady hid the former's face, and the grim smile upon her cruel young lips. The young lady was busy with her own thoughts, and sat there unconscious of the flight of time, until more than an hour had elapsed. The old woman's suddenly twitching aside the curtain aroused her.

"I'm better now," said Lady Lad; "I'll get up."

For a moment the girl was too startled to make any reply. The old woman's voice had something of its old strength and energy, and as she spoke she threw the clothes on one side, and began to get out of bed. But the effort was too much for her, and she sank back gasping.

"You are very ill, madam. Don't try to move just yet. What is it you want to do? Cannot I do it for you?"

"No, no; I'm all right again, I tell you. You all of you like to make me out ill, but I know your motive. I know her motive; she was here saying so to-day. She'd like to have me for ever bed-ridden, or dead, out of the way, that no one might pry upon her. I know that well enough; but I've strength enough left for what I've got to do."

Thus speaking, her words broken by her painful breathing, the old woman had again struggled into a sitting posture, and half slipped down on to the floor.

"Help me, my child," she said, and Jane tendered her assistance.

"Get me my dressing-gown."

A dingy rag of flannel thus designated being found at her request, Lady Lad slowly and painfully wrapped it about her, and tied it round her. Thus dressed, she begged Jane to lend her arm, and said that she thought she could manage to make a little journey.

"A journey!" echoed Jane, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes, yes; a sort of journey. Not very far, my dear—at least not very far to you. It seems miles, though, to my poor old bones. I can't make out why I'm so weak—it's most extraordinary."

"Do you want to go down stairs?" asked Jane, whose eyes sparkled a little as she thought that perhaps the old lady was going to show her where her greatest treasures were hidden. But she was doomed to disappointment.

"I want to go up stairs," said Lady Lad, "to the attics. Stop a minute, though. Let me sit down a moment while you go see, my dear, where Charity is."

The girl now understood the other's motive, and waited for no further bidding. She was so used to stealing up and down the house, and playing spy for her own ends. Creeping away, and listening for a while, she returned again to say that she could hear Charity busy among the dishes in the kitchen below.

"That will do," said the old lady, with a faint chuckle; "come along."

Leaving on the young girl's arm, she contrived, slowly and laboriously, to make the ascent, and they reached at length the sloping-roofed attic which served Charity as bed-room. Looking eagerly round, the old lady's eyes alighted on that poor little hair-trunk before described, containing all the servant's earthly possessions.

She moved eagerly towards it, assisted by the girl, and went down upon her knees by its side. There was a sort of pretence at a lock, which a baby could almost have shaken open, so that the fortress was soon carried, and the loot commenced. There was the same collection of well-worn frocks and washed-out rags of linen that Jane long ago had tossed over contemptuously, and the little work-box with its complicated fastenings, so difficult to secure and so easily picked.

Towards this latter was my lady's attention directed, and among its contents was found a small screw of paper, in which a guinea was very carefully wrapped up. As the old woman took the money into her thin, shaking hands, Jane, holding the candle, and shading her face from the light, smiled evilly in the shadow of her hand.

At length the hour of triumph had arrived. The candle-light, falling upon the golden piece, revealed to the girl's quick eyes a scratch upon its face which she well knew was her ladyship's private mark. It was annoying enough to think there should only be one guinea found instead of half a score, but still that was sufficient for the purpose. Oh, how hard the girl had worked to gain this end! Many and many a time before, creaking lest the stolen money should be spent before it was discovered in Charity's possession, she had endeavored to arouse the old lady's suspicions, and cause her to institute a search among Charity's effects. Hitherto, however, her deep-laid schemes—clumsy enough, and child-like in the manner of their execution, but very deeply laid for all that—had failed miserably; but now the great day of reckoning had arrived, and the treat she had so long promised herself of paying the old servant out had come at last.

She watched the old woman's movements with eager eyes, and she fretted impatiently at her slowness. A curse upon her weak sight! Would she never see the mark? Why, it was big enough in all conscience, so big, surely, the servant must have been an idiot not to know that the money she had given her was marked, and suspect danger and treachery.

And what was she doing now? Her wretched old fingers shook so violently that the coin slipped from them, and fell down among the linen. It would be lost before the mark was recognized!

Jane hastily plucked her hand into the box and brought the guinea to the surface, but when she would have restored it to the old woman she pushed away her hand, and Jane, in wonder, saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"They all rob me—they all rob me," said my lady, with a wailing cry. "I am a poor, lonely old woman. I shall soon be dead, and it's better that I should, for I should be a beggar if I lived."

"No, no," pleaded Jane, "not as bad as that. I do not rob you, madam. I do not wish—"

"No; I believe you. You are the only one. As for that woman I have trusted so—that woman I took in from the streets when any one else would have left her to die—what does she do? What

do I find here hidden away? My money she has stolen—my money."

The old woman had worked herself up into a paroxysm of rage and grief, which was here interrupted by the opening of the bedroom door. It was Charity who had come upstairs unheard, and now stood silently before them.

A strange picture was thus suddenly formed, in which each actor stood motionless as they stand in the prepared tableaux upon the stage. The old woman on her knees, one lock of her white hair loose and struggling wildly; her thin neck bare, a weird witch-like figure, such as Mother Hopkins of murderous memory would have made rare capital out of.

Jane, with the candle in her hand, fluttering between fear and gratified malice; more deadly pale than was her wont, trembling visibly, yet not without courage, as we shall see when the time comes.

The middle-aged woman-servant halting in dumb wonderment upon the threshold of the room, her face expressing no other emotion than surprise, to which those who had known her story might have added the faintest shade of dread—the dread ever present on her mind for years back that he had "done something fresh, and they were after him."

Here you have the trio lighted by their two candles, and a moon-beam struggling through the bubbled glass of the window, deep set in the slanting roof.

Charity Stone was the first to speak:

"What are you doing there, my lady?" she asked. "Are you looking for anything that belongs to you?"

"I was," the other plucked up courage to answer, after a moment's hesitation.

"Have you found it?"

"I have."

"What do you mean?" the servant took a step forward with a gesture half of menace. "Do you know me no better than to treat me like a common thief? What mischief has been put into your mind, that you steal out of bed and upstairs here to search my box? Well, search. It is at your service. Your will find nothing to repay you for your pains."

"Nothing to repay me, Charity?" replied the old woman, bitterly. "I have found some of my money, though."

"Your money! How much?"

"More than I wished to find. I'd have given its value many times over not to have found it there. But that can't be helped now. There, I don't wish to hear anything. Get ready your things as soon as you can and go."

"Go!" replied the servant. "Why? Are you mad to talk in this way? Have I taken anything belonging to you. Show me what it is?"

Jane still held the guinea in her hand. She now silently held it out to her ladyship, who motioned to the servant to take it.

"What of this?" asked Charity, turning the money over curiously. "Miss Jane can tell you about this, if she will."

The old lady's eyes wandered from one to the other. The girl was not trembling now. Her eyes were a dull and sullen look, and on her face was that grim rigidity it rarely wore, except when she was alone.

"What do you know about it, Jane?" her ladyship asked.

Jane looked straight at her ladyship as she replied, speaking in a firm voice—

"I know nothing—how can I know anything?"

Charity started and flushed, but seemed not yet to understand the girl's meaning.

"You recollect, Miss," she said, "you gave it me with some others—you recollect when—that morning."

"I never gave her any money," Jane said in answer, without removing her eyes from her ladyship's face.

"It's a lie!"

With a flushed face, Charity stood there confronting her, her hand stretched towards her, her eyes glittering with rage; but the girl, white-faced as ever, and showing no excitement, held her ground resolutely.

What could this woman do? she thought. Now or never was the time to settle with and get rid of her for ever. And, besides, she had now gone too far to retract. She saw the old lady looking anxiously at her, however, and the idea went quickly through her brain: "She recollects what Mrs. Drake said. If this one reminds her of it she will take it as a proof of her words being true. I'll tell her first."

"Why does every one want to lay things at my door?" she said aloud. "That other woman said I had given her money, I don't know why. Now she does too. They want to make you think I stole it and give it away, so that you may be angry."

"I don't believe a word of it!" the old lady cried, indignantly—the girl's words had made an impression which now the finest argument in the world could not shake. Indeed, how could she doubt the truth of this artless appeal? What motive could the child have for such duplicity? And this guilty wretch had seized upon the other's lie and backed it up to suit her own ends. "Go out of the house," she said, "there is nothing owing to you. You can keep what you have taken. Go back to what I took you from. Starve with your thief of a son!"

"She told you that?"

"You have deceived me in one thing," the old lady continued, without heeding the interruption: "you said your child was dead. I can never believe you more. There, go. Jane, my dear, help me down stairs."

There was a storm of conflicting emotions at war in the servant's breast. She was not angry with the poor old woman, who now, tottering weakly and gasping for breath, would have fallen to the ground had she not sprung forward to her aid. At an angry motion of her ladyship's hand she dropped back again into the place she had before occupied, and the tears rose in her eyes.

"You've been a good mistress to me," she said, "or I should not speak. I know I deceived you as you say. Heaven forgive me! I said he was dead I know, because I thought he had been drowned. But when I found him again—what he was—I was ashamed to tell you. I kept it secret. I would have kept it secret from you and from all the world, if it had not slipped from my lips in the way I told that night. He is a thief, as you know, but I have never robbed you. Believe me or not as you think fit. I swear, as I hope to be saved, I never touched a shilling of your money. I would not—I could not. I will not stand by when it is said that I did. I don't wish to stay, I can go. I don't care if I starve. I don't want to live. I have said all I have got to say. I will not trouble you any more. As for you, Miss Jane, God forgive you!"

There was something grand in this plain, rough creature's homely eloquence that made the heart of the old woman and the two young female figures before her more than ever. But her words were wasted. Without vouchsafing one word in reply, the old lady tottered from the room, and, assisted by the girl, slowly descended to her own apartment. Here, utterly exhausted, her ladyship sank into a chair by



the bed side, and seemed utterly incapable of further exertion. Whilst she sat thus Jane heard a noise on the stairs, and, thinking it might be Charity, stepped hastily to the door, and looked out. It was, however, Ruth, who called out softly to know what was the matter, and ask whether she might not come in.

"No, no," replied Jane, in a low tone; "she must not be disturbed any more. Please go away."

Having listened to her retreating footsteps, Jane came back to the bedside.

"What am I to do?" the old lady whispered faintly. "I cannot help myself, I am so weak."

"Let me lift you on to the bed."

"You are not strong enough."

"I am stronger than you think—when I try."

She was at any rate strong enough, with a little struggling, to put the old lady to bed, and she then sat down by the side of the almost dying fire, and endeavoured to prolong its life by raking together and putting on the fallen cinders. There was no more coal upstairs, and she did not like to run the chance of meeting Charity if she went in search of some into another room.

As murderers have sat ere now, waiting for the crime to be discovered, and the din of discovery to arise, Jane waited in a tremble for the sound of Charity's coming footsteps. Why would she come? That the girl could not say, but she felt certain that she would come to say one more word before she left the house for good.

The fire sank lower in the grate. Jane, crouching before it, shivered with cold. The wind was rising, and the rattling of an open window upon the landing below again and again, made her half turn towards the door. After she had waited half-an-hour or so, she heard Charity coming down stairs with slow heavy steps. She was carrying her box, Jane thought, and waited, counting each foot-fall. But the steps passed the bed-room door, and she breathed again.

Whilst after listening anxiously, she heard the low murmuring of voices. The servant was telling Ruth what had occurred. Which side did Ruth take? What matter? It was too late now for her to interfere. Jane had carried the day.

The steps were heard again descending the stairs, but there was no sound of a closing street door; and full an hour Jane passed in uncertainty as to what had become of her defeated foe.

During this time the old lady had been in a half-unconscious state—now and then murmuring vague words about the money down stairs which Jane could not understand. Feeling herself certain enough of the servant's honesty, she felt no anxiety respecting such valuables as might be found down below, and, of course, the existence of the bags of gold was unknown to her, although she had a vague idea that gold was found somewhere in the underground regions, which she intended should be searched when the old woman died.

However, unable at last any longer to endure her suspense, she went out upon the landing to listen, and almost at the same moment there came a loud double knock at the door. She went swiftly down stairs and admitted the doctor, who had called again to see how his patient was progressing.

"Will you walk upstairs? We are in such trouble. Her ladyship has just found out that the servant is the mother of the robber who broke in the other night. There has been such a scene. Her ladyship is much worse. I am afraid of my life. The servant is so enraged with me because I tried to stop the robber. She has been inventing such dreadful stories!"

All this with great rapidity, but with a low tone of voice, as she led Gay upstairs, he listening attentively but saying nothing, forming his own conclusions the while. He found her ladyship much worse than when he had left her.

"I can understand," he said, "that she has been greatly excited. I fear this may have serious results. What is that?"

He was speaking apart with Jane in a whisper when the sound of hurrying steps upon the stairs interrupted him, and Ruth ran into the room.

"Oh, my lady! What is this? What dreadful thing is this that Charity tells me?"

She had gone thus far addressing the sick woman before she was aware of Gay's presence. At sight of him she became suddenly dumb, and for a moment all were silent, when, the door being flung violently open, Charity Stone, trembling with excitement, and carrying something wrapped up in a cloth, entered the bed-chamber.

"I did not mean to see you again, my Lady," said the servant, "except it was to ask that my box might be searched before I took it out of the house, so you may be sure I took nothing away that wasn't mine, but just now, when I was looking for a piece of rope in one of the cellars, I found this."

At the mention of the cellar the old woman seemed to prick up her ears, and her eyes grew larger.

"What's she say? What's she found?" Lady Lad murmured, in a croaking whisper, scarcely audible. Not hearing her, Charity continued—

"You know, my Lady, how the other day I missed the cat, and looked for it high and low. You, Mrs. Acre, remember it very well, I am sure. I remember more, though. I remember it was on that day you sent Miss Jane down with a glass of wine for Mrs. Acre."

Here the doctor interposed.

"My good woman, you really must not come here in this noisy fashion. It is most dangerous that her ladyship should be excited. You really must keep your stories about cats for some more fitting moment."

Charity looked at him with fierce eyes. "There can be no more fitting moment for what I have to say. You do not understand, sir, the sort of story I have to tell. Perhaps I am wrong, though. Perhaps I ought to tell it to the police."

Jane, listening to these words, seemed to gasp for breath, and steady herself with an outstretched hand resting against the wall. As Gay looked towards her she said to him in a faint voice—"Please, send her away; it will make her ladyship very ill."

Although caring very little what effect the revelation might have upon the sick woman, the doctor had determined for reasons of his own to deal well with Jane, and, therefore, hastened to carry out her wishes.

"You must go," he said, taking the servant by the arm, and forcing her gently towards the door.

"Am I to speak, my Lady?" cried Charity, in a breathless state. "You need not push me, sir. Am I to speak? Will you accept my warning before it is too late? Am I to tell you what I know?"

The old lady, seemingly convinced that the allusion to something found in the cellars had no reference to the only subject in which she felt any interest, leant back again, and with a motion of her hand seemed to say, "No; go away. I don't want to see any more of you."

Charity gathered up her bundle, which she had placed upon a chair, and moved slowly towards the door. Jane followed the

bundle with anxious eyes. She felt easier herself when it was out of her sight—and yet where was it being taken to, and for what purpose?

It had not, however, quite gone yet. Upon the threshold of the door the servant paused, and turning once more, addressed the old woman.

"I've done all I can, my Lady," she said. "I hope I shan't be blamed if anything comes of it. You've sent me away, and called me thief. I will not blame you for that—I have brought it on myself. But I will not—I must not leave you without putting you on your guard—without trying to warn you of the danger you don't even dream of now. Oh, my Lady! you do not know her as I do. She has got rid of me to-day, and to-morrow who will be?—Perhaps you. Take care of her, I say. Watch her. Don't trust her. I call this lady and gentleman as witnesses to what I say. I have warned you. I dare say no more, I am only a poor woman. I should be afraid of struggling with her, for she will be rich before long. Don't push me, sir, I'm going now, with one more word. You sent me away, my Lady, and an hour ago I was grieving to leave you. I grieve to leave you now, but as heaven is my witness, I would not sleep another night beneath the same roof that sheltered her, for all the money you are worth. Take care, my Lady—take care of her."

The doctor still pushing her towards the door, Charity went out, carrying her bundle, and slowly descended the stairs. The four persons left in the sick room made no remark upon what had occurred. Presently Ruth withdrew, passing by Jane with something like a shudder. The doctor, not a little puzzled by what had been passing before him, would have liked to have followed the servant, and learnt some more particulars, but her ladyship summoned him to her side. Half-an-hour later, when he took his departure, Charity had left the house. Miss Jane accompanied him to the street door.

"How is she to-night?" the girl asked.

"Much worse. She may not last much longer, I fear. Her only chance is perfect quiet."

As he was passing out of the door, Jane stopped him.

"Pray do not decide me, sir. Is she in such a state that she might die suddenly?"

"At any moment."

"To-night?"

"Perhaps even to-night."

The doctor turned upon his heel, and slowly walked away. Jane closed the door, and went upstairs thoughtfully.

"Perhaps even to-night," she repeated softly to herself.

(To be continued.)

## OUR OPERA GLASS.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Mlle. Adeline Patti, having recovered from her indisposition, reappeared on Monday in her favourite part of Rosina, and was welcomed with the genuine heartiness that never fails to greet her. The "Una Voce," and the duet with Figaro in Act 1, the bolero of Verdi in the Lesson scene, and the English ballad of "Home, sweet home," which Mlle. Patti is now accustomed to introduce when (which is invariably the case) called upon for another song, were received with the accustomed enthusiasm. Signor Mario was Almaviva; Signor Cologni, Figaro; Signor Ciampi, Bartolo; and Signor Tagliacozzi, Basilio. M. Sainton presided in the orchestra.

**THE NEW AMPHITHEATRE.**—It is a curious fact that while London has not for some years possessed a permanent circus, Paris, with a very much smaller population, has for a long time supported three, two of which still flourish, and yield large returns to their proprietors. Berlin, Vienna, and even Brussels, support one or more circuses; and if London will not maintain one, the effect must be due to some such cause as a difference in the character of the people. The question, however, has not of late been fairly put to the test; but now the experiment is being made, and if enterprise and liberality can help to success, the New Amphitheatre in Holborn, opened on Saturday evening, ought not to be a failure. It is situated a few doors to the west of Lamb's-Conduit-street, where a horse repository formerly existed; and there a sufficient area has been obtained for the construction of one of the largest minor theatres in the metropolis. The depth of the stage is very small, being only twenty feet, or the same as that of the Strand Theatre; but it is sixty feet in width, and there is a prospect of increasing the depth. The opening of the proscenium is thirty feet, and the height of the house thirty-seven feet. The entire span is eighty feet, the extreme length one hundred and thirty feet, and the width from box to box sixty feet, while the depth is sixty-eight feet. The theatre will hold about 2000 persons, and the entrances and exits for them are capacious and substantial, all the staircases being of stone, and all the external doors of iron. There are no fewer than sixteen dressing-rooms, those for actresses and married couples being on one side of the stage, and those for unmarried actors on the other. There are extensive stables on each side of the house. In the corridors of the theatre there are large refreshment bars, well fitted; and there is a refreshment saloon opening on to the box and dress circle tier. Nothing could exceed the completeness of the arrangements, which are worthy of the pretensions of the house. The auditorium is both comfortable and pleasant to the eye. Great attention has been paid to the decorations and to the arrangements of the seats. The prevailing tints in the former are pink and white, relieved with gold, and crimson velvet rests for the arms, with crimson rep for the seats. The general effect is admirable, and is not a little enhanced by the graceful curves of the construction. In the middle of the boxes, in front of which is one row—and only one—of dress-circle seats, is the Royal box, which it is hoped will be from time to time occupied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Below the seats in the pit are all furnished with arms, and the cushions work on a pivot, so that if one wishes to let another pass, the seat swings up, and leaves more room for the passage of the new comer. The amphitheatre stalls are similarly made, and above these rises the gallery, the space in which is limited. There is ample space in the arena for exhibitions of equestrian skill and for acrobatic performances, and the house is so designed that from every seat in it the whole of the performance can be watched without craning the neck or standing up. Perfect ventilation is secured by large air-shafts running through every part of the building; and, not least, by the beautiful chandelier which, as well as the foot-lights, has been fitted by Messrs. DeRIES and SONS. The chandelier combines the clear and effective light of a sun-burner with the more subdued brilliancy of an ordinary gas theatre pendant; and the effect of the combination, when full power is turned on, is hardly to be equalled in any house in London. The footlights of the stage, fitted by the same firm, are protected by a brass guard; and by the arrangement for carry-

ing off the heated air the comfort of the sixteen members of the orchestra is much increased. The drop scene, which is exceedingly well painted, represents a chariot race of classic times; and the scene which is shown during the performances in the arena is a good representation of the Crystal Palace as viewed from the lower part of the grounds. The equestrian company is one of the best that has for some years appeared in London. It includes many of the most prominent artists from the Theatre du Prince Imperial, in Paris, two from the Cirque Napoleon, and one from the Brussels Circus. The horseman-(and woman)-ship on Saturday night was beyond all praise; and some acrobatic performances were rewarded with enthusiastic applause. The clowns are clever and agile, and the horses are well trained and comely withal. But of the scenes in the circle, the most extraordinary is the performance of Captain Charles Austin, recently in the United States service, who introduces what he calls "The Lightning Zouave Drill." With a rifle and bayonet he goes through a series of manual and bayonet exercises which are by far the most wonderful examples of smartness and military proficiency we have ever seen. Every volunteer, at least, should visit the New Amphitheatre to see this performance, which must have required great practice, and even greater natural aptitude, before it could have been brought to its present perfection.

## THEATRICAL TATTLE.

Mr. Fechter's appearance in Paris at the Theatre Italien is fixed for the 7th of July. He will play Lord Dundreary.

The action pending between Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Sims Reeves is entered for trial on June 4th.

Mr. J. L. Toole has commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

The names of several gentlemen are mentioned as applicants for the Lyceum Theatre, but the selection has not yet been named.

Mr. Edmund Falconer took his benefit on the 10th inst., at the Olympic Theatre, New York, playing Barney O'Toole in his drama, *Peep o' Day*. The attendance was not large.

Mr. Creswick announces his annual benefit at the Surrey Theatre for Wednesday, the 5th of June. Mr. Creswick's patrons will undoubtedly muster in large numbers. Particulars of the entertainment provided will be duly given.

Lady Don has concluded her engagement at the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia, whereat she has been succeeded by Mr. J. Wallack.

Mr. Tom Taylor's new piece, to be produced at the Holborn Theatre, is to be called *Ups and Downs; or, the Antipodes*.

A performance at the Operi Comique on the 14th instant, in favour of the Parisian Dramatic Author's Society, produced the large sum of 7,015 francs.

Ristori's farewell performances, at New York, have been as successful as those by which they were preceded, the houses each night being ablaze with splendour.

G. W. Martin's prize glees, national part-songs, &c., were given at Exeter Hall on Wednesday last, by his Prize Glee Choir, assisted by the ladies and gentlemen of the National Choral Society.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave a concert for the director's benefit on Friday week, at St. James's Hall. The programme consisted of madrigals and part songs, and (by desire) a selection of sacred music, and contained two compositions for male voices. Miss Edith Wynne, Mlme. Patey Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Chaplin Henry assisted, and the brothers Willi and Louis Thern gave two pianoforte duets.

A short season of French plays is, we are glad to see, about to be given at the St. James's Theatre. The first performance is announced for the 24th June. The company is directed by M. Raphael Felix, the brother of the late Madame Rachel, and includes the names, among others, of M. Ravel and Mlle. Deschamps, both of the Palais Royal. A very extensive repertoire is provided, and a great treat may confidently be expected.

*Les Deux Jeuneses*, a two-act comedy, by MM. Ch. Dotron and A. Niteau, has been successfully produced at the Odeon. The plot turns upon a pleasant little love episode. A young gaudin is about to marry a young lady of position and intellect, and a middle-aged man is betrothed to a widow. In consequence of some misinterpretation, &c., the position becomes changed, and the young man finds himself about to marry the widow, and his senior the girl. At last, by the agency of a friend, matters are made right, and the former state of affairs is re-established.

The new drama now being performed at the Gaité, in five acts and eight tableaux, written by MM. Eugene Nus and Alphonse Brot, entitled *Le Testament d'Elizabeth*, is, as its name implies, drawn from the history of England, and carries us back to the year 1603, in London. It is an epoch of picturesque costumes, of adventures and adventures, intrigues and intrigues, crimes and criminals. The piece is well got up and well-played, and if it does not excite a marked enthusiasm, it can, nevertheless, be attentively listened to throughout. Madame Dugueret makes a splendid Elizabeth, but perhaps she does not make herself appear as old as she should do. Madame Verrier as Clara, Madame I. Clarence as Arabella Stuart, M. Ch. Lemaire as W. Seymour, Latouche as Bolton, Maucel as Lord Glenmohr, Lacroix as Captain Fawkes, and Alexandre are worthy of eulogy. The success of this piece may be put down as a certainty, at least for a place.

A dinner was given at the English Embassy in honour of Queen Victoria's birthday. The Duke of Edinburgh was present, and all the guests were English. All the French ministers and the foreign ambassadors in Paris attended the *soirée* which was given by Lady Cowley in the evening.

**TO SURGEONS AND CHEMISTS.**—Complete set of Drawers, Lockers, Counters, Shelves, Bottles, Pans, Mortars, Scales and Weights, Side Counter, Mahogany Cupboard, Glass Upright and Counter Case, &c. Suitable for a Surgery or a small shop. Only £20. Apply to W. G. FAULKNER, Jun., 40, Eddell-street.

**STEAM ENGINES.**—The greatest novelty of the day—6d., 1s., & 2s. each, a 40, Eddell-street; sent post free for six stamps extra. For sale, a Vertical Steam Engine, with slide valve wheel 17 in. diameter, pulley wheel 6 in. diameter, cylinder 5 in. high, 3 in. diameter, in good working order, only £2. A first rate Magnesium Wire Lamp, with reflector and clock-work arrangement, only 30s. A ten-cell Platinum Battery, only £3. W. G. FAULKNER, 40, Eddell-street.



SIR THOMAS HOLTE.

SIR THOMAS HOLTE, whose portrait is here given, was the founder of the well-known Aston Hall, near Birmingham. It is a noble mansion, built in the later Elizabethan style. Sir Thomas, who built it, was made one of the Ulster Knights by King James the First, and he began, according to the inscription still existing, and legible over the door of the entrance-hall, "to build this house in April, in anno Domini, 1618, in the sixteenth yeare of the reign of King James of England, &c., and of Scotland the one-and-fiftieth; and the said Sir Thomas Holte came to dwell in this house in May in anno Domini, 1631, in the seaventh yeare of the raigne of our Sovereigne Lord King Charles; and he did finish this house in April, anno Domini 1635, in the eleventh year of the raigne of the said King Charles. LAVIS DEO." This "house," which Sir Thomas Holte was seventeen years in building, is one of the best specimens of the later Elizabethan mansions now remaining in England. It is built in the usual shape of a letter E, having a central line and two wings. On each side, as an advanced guard, is a small, square building, connected with the wings by a wall having an ornamental coping. The chief features of the wings are two large embayed windows to the front, with thin pierced parapets, and the lofty towers, surmounted by closed ogee roofs of a dome-like character. These towers advance considerably into the quadrangle, of which the whole forms three sides, and have their two lower storeys divided by horizontal string courses, or mouldings, arched round the greater portion of the building, and, indeed, form an important feature. Each of the towers has an entrance on the ground floor, consisting of a square panelled door.

Without entering into tedious details about the character of the Hall, and its architectural attractions, it will suffice to add that the state-rooms are of noble proportions, and possess the finest specimens of elaborate ornamentation to be found in England; while the great gallery has only two rivals in the case of Hardwicke and Hatfield. This magnificent room is 136 feet in length by 18 in width, and 16 feet high.

Through the mutations of fortune and time, Aston Hall and Park departed from the Holtes, and was sold. The purchasers were the Messrs. Greenway and Greaves, bankers, Warwick; and from these gentlemen the people of Birmingham purchased the estate. The purchase money for the Hall, and about forty-three acres of land, was £35,000; and it was proposed to raise £12,000, by shares of one guinea each, these shares to be payable by half-crown calls. The working men entered heartily into the proposal. They appointed a committee to act in conjunction with the gentleman who originated the scheme, and the work was ultimately successfully carried out.

The park was opened to the public by her Majesty, in June, 1858; and since then it has been the general place of recreation for the people, who, after the labour of the day, can issue from the stifling heat of workshop and factory, and, after "a wash and a tidying up, can, with their wives, children, or sweethearts, here enjoy themselves with nature's beauties. They can wander over green lawns, and rest under the shade of widely-branching trees; and enjoy all this with the greater relish because they know the place is *their own*—that much of the purchase-money came from their honest toil.

Astons Church was built early in the twelfth century, and still retains many traces of its ancient past. It is the last resting-place of the Holes, as is duly recorded on several grotesquely-carved alabaster monuments and tombs.



SIR THOMAS HOLTE, BART. (FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ROBINS, OF ALLSLEY HALL.)

## KARL BLIND ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

[illegible]

respect in most Continental countries since the French Revolution has not yet reached the British soil. Whilst acknowledging that the social status of ladies in England is one of great and merited privilege, he does not think that they hold before "the law" that position which they ought to occupy. This is "the dark spot in the paradise." England is otherwise said to be for womankind. Speaking of Dr. Mary Walker and Miss Garrett, he pronounces the right of ladies to pursue the medical and other avocations according to their faculties. His opinion, however, is that those ladies who feel a strong stimulus to enter upon such a career will probably always form a numerically small minority. Of the modest and truly feminine character of Miss Garrett he speaks in high terms. In strong words of indignation he alludes to the disgraceful treatment Miss Mary Walker received at her lecture in St. James's Hall: the more disgraceful, he adds, as a delicately-built woman who had shown her devotion on fields of battle during the Union war had to struggle with her feeble voice against a riotous mob.

## FEMALE EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR,

Str.—So many families will be glad to hear of the safe arrival in Melbourne of the Underley, which left Birkenhead on the 23rd December, that I shall be greatly obliged by your allowing me to make an extract from the immigration agent's letter, just received:—

"Melbourne, March 21

"I am glad to be able to inform you of the arrival of the Underley, after a very fast passage out, and that everything was found on arrival to be in a most satisfactory state, indeed she is the best appointed and most orderly ship which has arrived since I have held the office of immigration agent. The captain, officers, and crew appear to have conducted themselves very well. The surgeon superintendent has landed his charge in good health, and the matron appears a superior woman, well fitted for her position, and has maintained

excellent discipline on board. I must also congratulate you upon the general good behaviour of the girls, of whose good conduct on board ship I have not a single complaint. I am only sorry there were not more of them; and after sending the usual proportion to Geelong, Portland, &c., the remainder were all taken up in two hours; and a great number of people went away disappointed.

"The ladies' committee, who have re-organised, came to see the girls, distributed the work and characters, and gave them some good advice.

"I enclose you a copy of the report of the Immigration Board, upon inspection of the Underley; and we look out anxiously for your next ship, which I hope will not be long delayed.—Yours truly,

My next ship is the John Temperley, to leave Plymouth, for Melbourne, June 24. Application for passages for single women to be made to me, at 20, John-street, Adelphi, London. — Yours very truly,  
 MARIA S. RYE.  
 Edinburgh, May 24.

## THE CITY OF PEKIN.

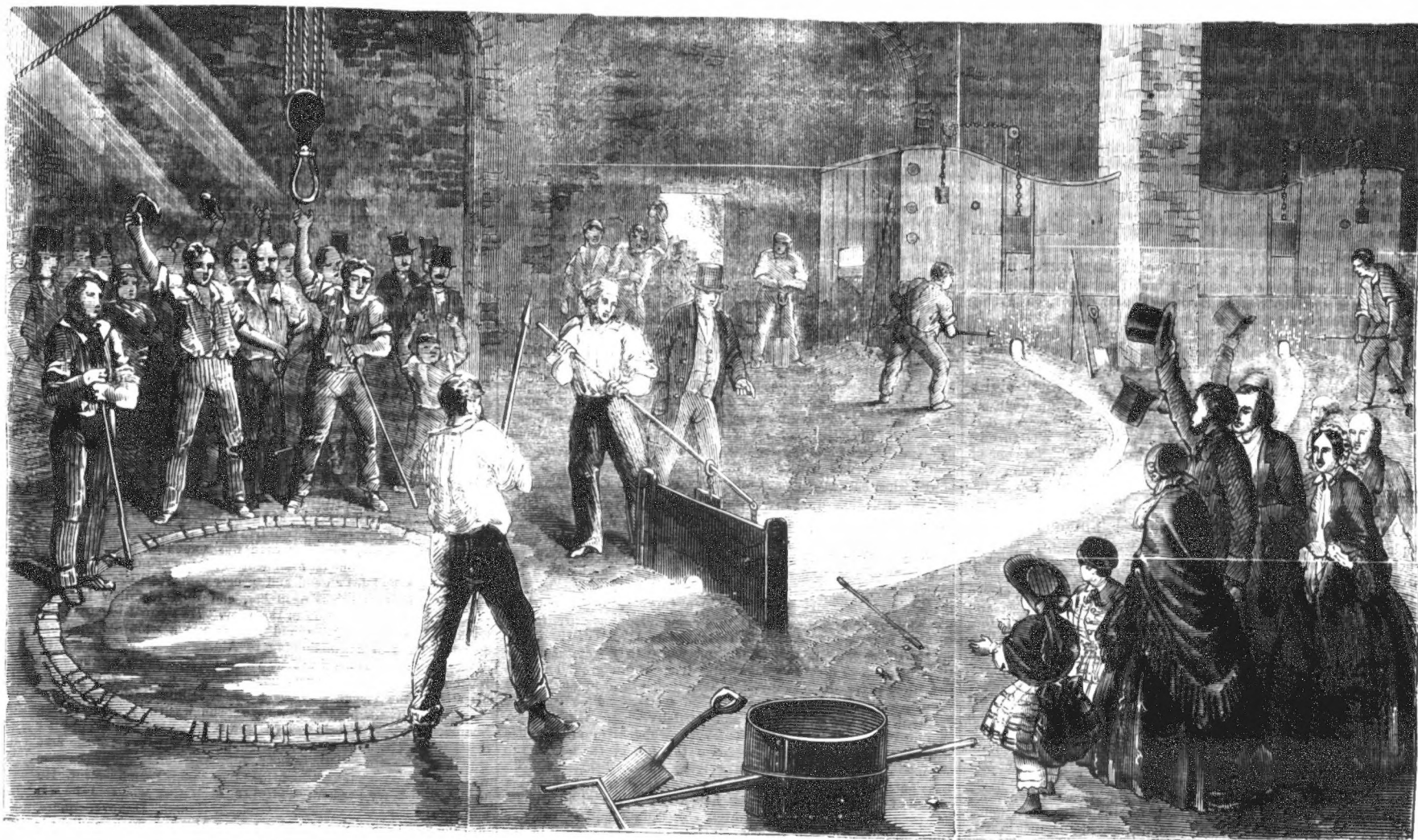
By the last mail from China we have the news of a dreadful fire raging in the city of Peking. On pages 264 and 265 we give two large views of this wonderful city of the Celestials. It is the capital of the Empire, and it is divided into two principal portions, exclusive of the suburbs. The most northerly portion, which is nearly a perfect square, is called the inner city, and contains the Palace and the government offices. The other is a quadrilateral rectangle, and is at once the seat of business and the residence of the bulk of the population. Both divisions are surrounded by walls, the extent of which may be about eighteen miles. Square towers project from the outer side at intervals of about 70 yards from each other, and each of the sixteen gates is surmounted by a tower nine stories in height, with port-holes for cannon. The principal streets are of great length, and perfectly straight, running between opposite gates in the divisions of the city. The houses, which rarely exceed a storey in height, are built of brick. The northern portion of the city is supplied with water from a large sheet or stream of several acres, and a small stream along the west walls supply that portion of the city. There are suburbs round most of the gates, some of which extend more than a mile from the wall, and comprise several large temples, and a few other buildings. The city contains about 2,000,000 inhabitants.

THE ALTARS OF ST. BARNABAS' AND ST. PAUL'S.

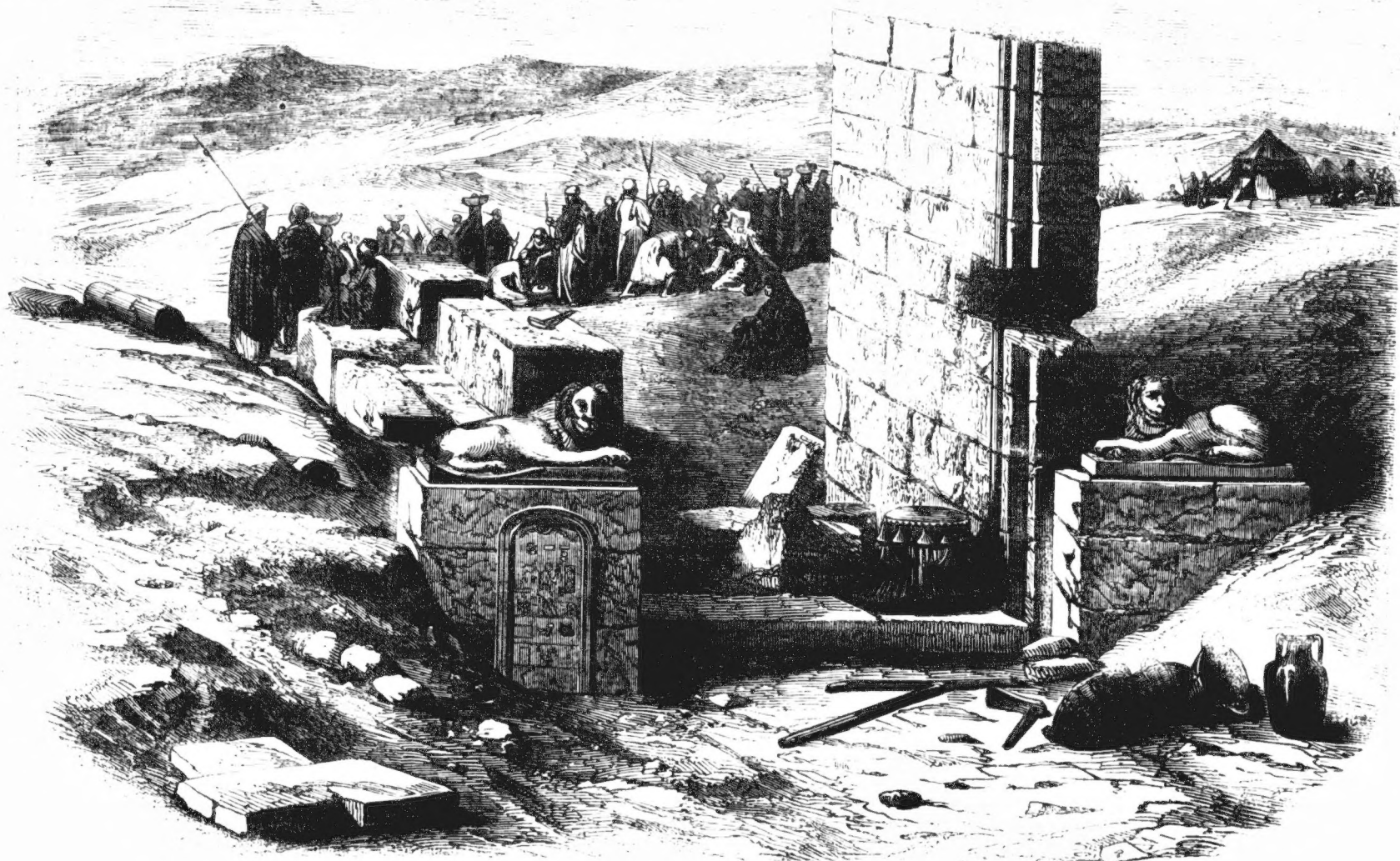
THE question of ritualism is occupying so much attention at present that we take the opportunity of giving two engravings of the altars of two of the churches at measure, this pernicious system. Each, Pimlico, as seen here, is fitted a Catholic altar, as is also that of

On Saturday afternoon Mr. William Collingwood was taking some refreshment in company with his wife, in the bar adjoining Holder's Concert Hall, Birmingham, when an altercation arose between the barmaid and a fishmonger named Aaron Pierce. Mr. Collingwood remonstrated with him for trying to quarrel with the girl, and the two men commenced fighting. They struggled together, during which Pierce sprang at his opponent, and bit part of his nose off. Mrs. Collingwood was standing close by at the time, and Pierce, who had part of Mr. Collingwood's nose in his mouth, spat it in her face. The unfortunate man was immediately conveyed to the General Hospital.





BELL CASTING. (See Page 271.)



RUINS AT MEMPHIS. (See Page 259.)



## CASUALTY AND CRIME.

On Friday a shocking accident occurred at a pit, belonging to the Walbottle Coal Company, about five miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. The cage containing five men was overdrawn. On seeing their danger two men sprang out, but not being able to reach the margin, fell down the shaft, and were killed. The other three were much bruised, but escaped by the framework.

A fatal fight took place in Liverpool on Sunday, and the surviving principal, a carter, named Patrick Boyle, was apprehended on the charge of manslaughter. The name of the deceased, who was also a carter, is George Williamson. They were both militiamen, and members of the same company. The scene of the occurrence was a brickfield, in the neighbourhood of Stanley-road.

Charles Hargreaves, a hawker of hardware, living at Bolton, has committed a shockingly brutal assault upon his wife. They were at a public-house in Rumworth, near Bolton, on Friday when his wife upbraided him and threw several glasses at him. In a fit of rage he ran at her, and inflicted a number of heavy kicks, which in the state she was in brought on a premature confinement, and placed the woman's life in imminent danger.

On Friday afternoon John Hatt, aged forty-eight years, driver of a Favourite omnibus, was driving up Victoria-street, on his way from the railway station, when being, as it is supposed, asleep, he suddenly fell off his box, and was thrown between the horses. The vehicle was stopped, but not before one of the wheels had gone over his body. The unfortunate man was removed to the Westminster Hospital, where he expired from internal injuries.

On Monday week a man, named Thomas North, employed on the South Eastern Railway, was riding in a mineral truck, when he saw a pheasant in a field near the line. He took a piece of chalk from the waggon, and in throwing at the bird overbalanced himself and fell upon the metals. The wheels of 16 waggons passed over him, completely smashing both his legs, and his skull was fractured besides. Notwithstanding the fearful nature of the injuries he received he did not die until Friday, the fourth day after the accident. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

Mr. Hodsmen, the aeronaut, whose recent aerial trip across the channel excited so much sensation, has met with a very serious accident. He made an ascent at Cork, and in descending he either fell from the car or it came so violently in contact with the earth that he was thrown out. He was stunned, and remained insensible for some time. On Examination he was found to be very severely bruised, but no bones are broken. The cause of the accident cannot be ascertained, for the balloon, on being relieved of its unfortunate owner's weight, soared into the air, was quickly lost to sight, and has not since been heard of.

During the bad weather on Thursday week the *Mabel* yacht, belonging to Mr. J. R. Balston, of Maidstone, was wrecked off Newgate, near Margate. She had become unmanageable in consequence of the rudder breaking, and was brought up at her anchors. Owing, however, to the heavy sea and gale, they parted, and she went ashore. Five Margate boatmen put off in a lugger's skiff, and at great risk of losing their own lives—there being a very heavy sea—succeeded in reaching the yacht, and saving the owner and three men. The *Friend of All Nations* life boat also put off, but shipping heavy seas, she was forced to return.

The body of a well-dressed man, between 50 and 55 years of age, was found on Monday morning floating adjoining the Great Western Docks, Plymouth. The clothing on the body appeared to be that of a person in easy circumstances, and the body was well nourished. The head was severely injured by blows received before death. The deceased was bald on the front and top of his head, but had thick brown hair behind and at the sides. He wore also a thick moustache, and had a tuft of hair under his chin. Deceased was tall, robust, and moderately corpulent. There was neither money nor anything else found in the clothing to identify the body.

An inquest was held at University College Hospital on the body of Florence Lennox, aged nine years, who died under the influence of chloroform, while undergoing an operation. She was operated on last Wednesday for "squint." Mr. Gill administered chloroform, and in a short time it was found that the girl was sinking under it. Every effort was made to recover her, but without effect. A post-mortem examination showed that the heart was flaccid and contracted, and the cause of death was syncope from chloroform. The jury returned a verdict of "Death under the administration of chloroform by misadventure."

On Saturday morning, between two and three o'clock, a fire broke out in a house in Bolton, occupied by Bridge, Owen and a family of eight children. The mother (who gave birth to a child on Thursday) lay with her infant son and four other of the children in a bed in the kitchen. About the time named, Mrs. Owen found the bed upon which she lay in a blaze. She snatched all the children up but the infant, which seems to have been forgotten in the excitement, and unable to open the door she smashed in the panes of glass and cried frantically to the neighbours. When the latter gained access, they seized the bed, folded it up, and stamped upon it, not having noticed the infant that was there, upon which they were stamping in order to extinguish the fire. After a short time the infant was discovered wrapped in the flock bed, and very seriously burnt. It was conveyed to the infirmary.

At a coroner's inquest held at Hythe, the following facts transpired in evidence:—Mrs. Henry Palk, the wife of Dr. Palk, of Southampton, recently staying at Hythe, was on Friday morning out on the borders of the New Forest with her two children, a little boy five years old, and a younger girl, with a nursemaid named Elizabeth Hayward, about twenty-five years old. Mrs. Palk sat down on the grass, and the little boy went to the edge of an old gravel pit, which was nearly full of water, and commenced throwing stones into the pond. His little sister did the like. Suddenly Mrs. Palk became aware that the nurse had rushed forward and leapt into the water. The boy had fallen in, and Elizabeth Hayward had plunged after, endeavouring to save him. The banks were high, the water deep, and the bottom deep in mud. The lady could just see the nurse girl's head above water. She herself sprang in, but somehow contrived to clamber up the bank without being able to help. Her cries brought a labourer's wife to the spot, who ran to fetch a clothes' prop; but when this was brought it was not long enough. A labourer then came and tied a rake handle to the prop; but still it was too short. In time a boatman was fetched with a boat-hook and contrived to reach the girl, who had sunk, and by then was quite dead. As he drew the corpse to the surface, the little dead boy slipped from the arms. It was clear from the

appearance of Elizabeth Hayward's body that her feet had sunk more than twelve inches in the soft mud, upwards of half its depth. It was covered by many feet of water.—Verdict, Accidental Drowning.

An inquest was opened before Mr. Lewis at the County Lunatic Asylum, Brentwood, on the body of Joseph Weidner, a patient in the asylum, and formerly a fisherman, of Barking, and then a distributor of tracts. From the evidence adduced it appeared that the deceased, who was about 72 years of age, was very much attached to another patient named Bloomfield, who was about 40 years of age. They had both strong religious delusions, and would sometimes read the Bible together, and converse in a most rational. They shared everything in common, and although there were seven or eight other occupants they took no notice of them. On Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, two of the wardens were in the gallery adjoining the dormitory, when they heard a crash as of the breaking of a window. They went in and found Weidner standing and holding the chamber utensil up over his head, and Bloomfield lying on his face on the floor, bleeding profusely. He had been struck twice on the back of his head by Weidner, and there were two fearful gashes. He then with great violence threw the implement at him, and when Bloomfield was secured he tried to kick Weidner on his head. When asked why he did it, he said, "The old man would have murdered me." The doctor was immediately called, but the wounds were so bad that the deceased lingered only until about one o'clock the same day, when he died. The inquest was adjourned to Friday for a post-mortem examination, although there is not the slightest doubt of the cause of his death. Bloomfield was brought into the room, and the evidence read over. He seemed vacant, but understood it, and said it was all right. He bowed when he went out, and said "Good-bye."

On Monday, at Downham Market, Norfolk, Hubbard Langley, charged with the murder of his uncle, Benjamin Black, woodreeve on the estate of Sir Hanson Berney, was again brought up for examination. It may be desirable to recall the chief facts of the case.—Early in the morning of the 17th the deceased went to a wood named Barton Leys, of which he had the management. When the poor man approached the wood he was shot by some one concealed in it, and died instantly, falling without a struggle. About 6 o'clock some labourers went to a field of wheat close to the Leys, and when they got inside the wheatfield one of them saw something lying on the ground against the wood-gate. Not being able at the distance to distinguish what it was, they went to it, and found it was the body of the deceased, who was lying dead, and partially cold. He had been shot on the left side of his face and neck, which were quite riddled with shot, the wounds extending from the top of the forehead to the top of the left breast. He was lying on his back, with his arms outspread, and his legs drawn up. The poor man had been robbed of a little money which he had about him, and an attempt had been made to take his watch also from him, but this had failed, in consequence of the size of the watch, which stuck in the pocket in which it was placed. The gate leading into the wood was taken off the hinges and partly thrown down. Suspicion, after some little time, fell upon the prisoner, who was employed under his uncle in the wood. On the Saturday evening Ball, a policeman, said, in conversation with Lingley, "You have a gun—where is it?" Lingley said, "It is at home," and on being further questioned, he said he meant that it was at his uncle Henry's house. This, however, proved untrue, and as he made some other prevarication, he was taken into custody. He afterwards showed the police where his gun was hidden, at a spot about 150 yards from where the body was found. The next day his powder flask was found in the trunk of a tree close by. It has also been ascertained that the prisoner bought some shot a few days before the murder was committed, and some powder was picked up near the commencement of a foot track in the wood; it was wrapped in the same kind of paper as the shot was sold in; paper with which the gun had been loaded, and picked up near the body, was of the same description; the footmarks observed also agreed with the shoes worn by Lingley.

## MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

Peter Carey, an Irishman, was charged with stabbing Peter Wolsey in the face with a chisel. The man was much injured, and taken to the hospital, where he now lies in a dangerous state, although better than when admitted.—The prisoner's statement was that he went to the house to mend some windows when he was assaulted with a poker by the injured man, who struck him a violent blow on the head with it. Another man and a woman also assaulted him, and he was obliged to defend himself.—He was remanded for a week, but admitted to bail in the sum of £5.

At Clerkenwell, Edward Murphy, aged 22, a costermonger, was charged with assaulting John Leonard, and George Brazier, police-constable 324 Y, in Churchway, Somers-town, St. Pancras.—It appeared from the evidence of three witnesses that at about a quarter to one o'clock on Sunday morning the complainant Leonard gave the prisoner into Brazier's custody for an assault. The constable then went to take him, when the prisoner ran into a butcher's shop, seized a chopper (a most formidable weapon, about eighteen inches long), with which he chopped at the constable, who with great difficulty avoided the blows, and was at last obliged to run to ensure his safety. The prisoner pursued, and threw the chopper at him; it grazed the constable's shoulder, and fell to the ground.—The prisoner said he was drunk, and knew nothing of what had occurred.—Police-constable M<sup>rs</sup> Matt, 36 Y, gave the prisoner a very bad character. He was extremely violent, and associated with the worst characters.—Mr. Barker said that it was fortunate for the prisoner that the chopper had not struck the constable, otherwise the sentence would have been very different. He should fine him £3, or six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour.

At Guildhall William Girling Balls, tailor, 2, Wells-street, Jermyn-street, was summoned for having in October, 1865, received divers sums of money from Matthew John Thomas for procuring him a situation in the Post Office. In September, 1865, Matthew Thomas, living with his father, at Austell, in Cornwall, advertised that he would give any one £40 who would procure him a situation of from £80 to £100 per annum. He received a letter from the defendant, which led to further communications, and eventually the defendant procured for Thomas an appointment in the Post Office. He then induced Thomas to give him various sums of money, and also to accept bills from him exceeding altogether the £40. Balls afterwards wrote to Thomas's father to induce him to pay a further sum on account of the appointment so obtained by him, but no further sum was given by the father.

In March last, Thomas, for purloining money letters in the Post Office, was sentenced to penal servitude. The means by which he obtained his appointment were then discovered, and the Post Office determined to prosecute.—Prisoner was committed for trial, but bail accepted.

At the Mansion House—A well-dressed man, named George Fisher, described as having no occupation, was charged before the Lord Mayor with feloniously receiving £200 in notes of the Ulster Banking Company, belonging to Messrs. Alex. MacLure and Son, shipowners, and which had been stolen. The prisoner had been apprehended in the Whitechapel-road, on Sunday morning, by Sergeant Michael Haydon, of the City detective police, to whom he was previously well known, and who had been in quest of him for some time. The officer told him he had been directed to apprehend him on the charge of receiving with a guilty knowledge four £50 notes of the Ulster Banking Company, which were stolen in March, 1865, in Belfast. The prisoner replied that he knew nothing about stolen notes; that whatever notes he had in his possession he had come honestly by, they having been received by him in a betting transaction, and that he (the officer) knew that for six or seven years he had been betting on every horse race in the kingdom. Haydon took him to the Bow-lane police station, and on searching him there found £29 15s. 6d., two diamond rings, and a gold chain. He gave an address in Russell-street, Mile-end-road, which the officer had no doubt was correct. The latter now asked that he might be remanded, believing that if time were allowed evidence would be forthcoming that the notes were stolen and tending to implicate the prisoner. The Lord Mayor remanded the prisoner accordingly, and declined to entertain an application to admit him to bail, though the prisoner pressed the request, stating that he was a man in good circumstances.

A well-dressed man, named Charles Louis Pickering, of 14, Albert-terrace, St. John's-wood, was charged at Marylebone with bigamy.—Mr. Louis Lewis, of Ely-place, appeared for the prosecution, and said this case was somewhat painful and peculiar. Up to the time of his client becoming acquainted with the prisoner she had led a good and proper course of life. The prisoner forced his attentions upon her, and used to follow her day after day to her occupation in the City. He assured her that his intentions were honourable, and that he was a widower. On one occasion he said he was going to Aldershot to perform a duty of affection towards his deceased wife. He was going to where she was buried, and place flowers upon her grave. A few days ago his client (the second wife) went into a milliner's shop, and was there asked by the proprietor whether she was the prisoner's wife. She felt indignant at being asked such a question, and fetched her certificate. The milliner then showed her the portrait of the first wife, and informed her where she lived. The worst part of the case was that the poor young woman was now near her confinement. He then called Mary Fricker, sister of the first wife, who said she was present at their marriage at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on June 29, 1818. She last saw her on Monday week, and she is now residing at No. 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.—Prisoner said as it was a jury case, he would reserve his defence, in the absence of his solicitor.—Mr. Lewis said he must request that prisoner be not admitted to bail. He had already sold off his second wife's home twice.—Mr. Mansfield inquired if prisoner had not been brought before him.—Mr. Lewis said he had, for assaulting his second wife.—He was committed for trial, and bail refused.

Mary Ann Woodward, aged 27, was indicted for an imputed robbery in Carey-street, Chancery-lane.—Mr. Henry Tausey, living in the Clapham-road, a coach-builder, said that on the morning of the 8th inst. he was with a friend in Carey-street, Chancery-lane, when the prisoner came up to him. She being of respectable appearance, he stopped to speak to her, and while doing so he discovered that she had very cleverly snatched his watch from the bow. His friend held the prisoner until a policeman came, when she implored him not to give her in charge, as it was the only means she had of getting her living. Prosecutor refused to let her go, remarking that it was a very funny way to get her living.—Police-constable Evans, 127 F, said he heard the cries of "Police!" and upon running up found the prosecutor holding the prisoner. He charged her with robbing him, when the prisoner accused him of robbing her. When taken to the station the watch was found upon her.—Mr. Peter Burton, who was with the prosecutor, corroborated his evidence. He was with him when he charged the prisoner with robbing him. She must have taken the watch in an instant. She begged to be let go as "she got her living by it."—The jury found the prisoner guilty.—Mr. Payne asked if the prisoner was known.—Mrs. Howe, one of the female warders, said the prisoner was an old thief, and now out upon a ticket-of-leave. Her respectable appearance deceived a great many people. She had suffered several terms of imprisonment for similar robberies to this one. She was tried at the Middlesex Sessions in March, 1860, when she gave the name of Emma Godwin, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for larceny from the person. She was again tried at the Middlesex Sessions on the 9th of December, 1862, for a like offence, when she was sentenced to penal servitude for six years. She was well-behaved in prison. It will be seen by the above statement that the prisoner has had two tickets-of-leave, and been out a long time before her sentence had expired.—The prisoner pleaded hard for his lordship not to send her back again to penal servitude.—Mr. Payne: I suppose she will not get another ticket-of-leave after that.—A prison warden: I dare say she will, my lord, as she is very well-behaved in prison.—Mr. Payne said the lowest term he could sentence her would be seven years' penal servitude, which was the sentence of the court.

## THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

The Egyptian corvette *Tayoun* arrived at Valetta on Sunday, from Canea, with the intelligence that Omar Pacha returned there on Thursday, after burning fifty-five villages without, however, obtaining any successful results from the insurgents.

As an illustration of this insurrection, we give a fine engraving on page 260 of Buyukdere, a beautiful *rendezvous* for the Turkish fleet, about fifteen miles from Constantinople. The place has been frequently mentioned in connection with this war.

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## DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MURDER.

On Friday morning, about two o'clock a most desperate attempt was made to murder Police-constable Thomas Tibbury, of the Portsmouth Borough force, by an American seaman, named John Cross, belonging to the *Phetico*, lying off Cowes. It appears that the police-constable found Cross lying in a passage in Wingfield-street. Landport, and requested him to go away. The man muttered an oath, but got up and walked in the direction of his lodgings, the officer, whose beat was the same way, being a few yards behind him. On arriving opposite his lodgings Tibbury saw the fellow deliberately put his hand in his trousers pocket and open a large clasp knife, whereupon he remarked, "You have a knife there, and had better put it up." The man replied, "Yes, I have a knife, and, you —, I'll show you I know how to use it." He immediately made a stab at the officer, the knife entering his left side. The rascal was about to renew the attack when the policeman, (who had previously drawn his staff) perceiving his intention, gave him a blow over the head with his staff with such force as to break the weapon into pieces. Assistance having arrived, the wounded policeman was conveyed to the Royal Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Hospital, when it was found that the injuries the poor fellow had received were of a most serious character, and for some time his life was despaired of. Cross was subsequently apprehended at his lodgings; he was lying on the bed with his clothes on, and on being told the charge he coolly said, "I suppose you want this," producing a knife marked with blood. On being locked up, he stated that drink had caused him to commit the act; but it is stated by the police that he was perfectly cool and collected when he was apprehended, and must have known full well what he was doing. He was taken before the magistrates, but in the absence of the wounded man he was remanded.

## BELL CASTING.

The process of bell casting, as shown on page 263, is by an improved patent method, adopted at the foundry of Messrs. Warner and Sons, of London, whose well-known bells will be recollected at the Exhibition of 1862. Their furnaces are situated in the picturesque village of Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees. The process of their peculiar method of casting would occupy too much of our space; but a portion of its principles will be recognised on referring to the engraving.

Undismayed by the progress which the tunnel under Mont Cenis is making, the speculators who have undertaken to make a railway over the mountain have almost accomplished their task. On Thursday, the 16th of March, the prefect of the department of Savoy inspected that portion of the Mont Cenis Railway which is adjacent to St. Michel. The section from Lanslebourg to Suse will be ready for traffic by the 1st of July, and the section from St. Michel to Lanslebourg, which suffered so severely from the inundations of last year, will be opened about the middle of September in which month it is expected that the entire line will be completed, and that the railway journey between Paris and Turin will be accomplished in twenty-two hours. At present 1,200 horses are engaged in conveying passengers and goods across Mont Cenis. Allowing ten miles a day for each horse, the result is 12,000 miles of horse travel daily across the mountain.

News has just been received of a serious riot in Mobile. It appears that Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, addressed a great mob of negroes, used very violent language, defied the people of Mobile, and vauntingly declared that he had "the Fifteenth Regiment and the whole of the United States army" at his back. Some evil-disposed person discharged a pistol; negroes who were armed opened a miscellaneous fusillade, and firing became general. The riot raged through several streets, three or four persons were killed, other persons were wounded. The troops, however, soon took possession of the ground, and ended the affair.

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